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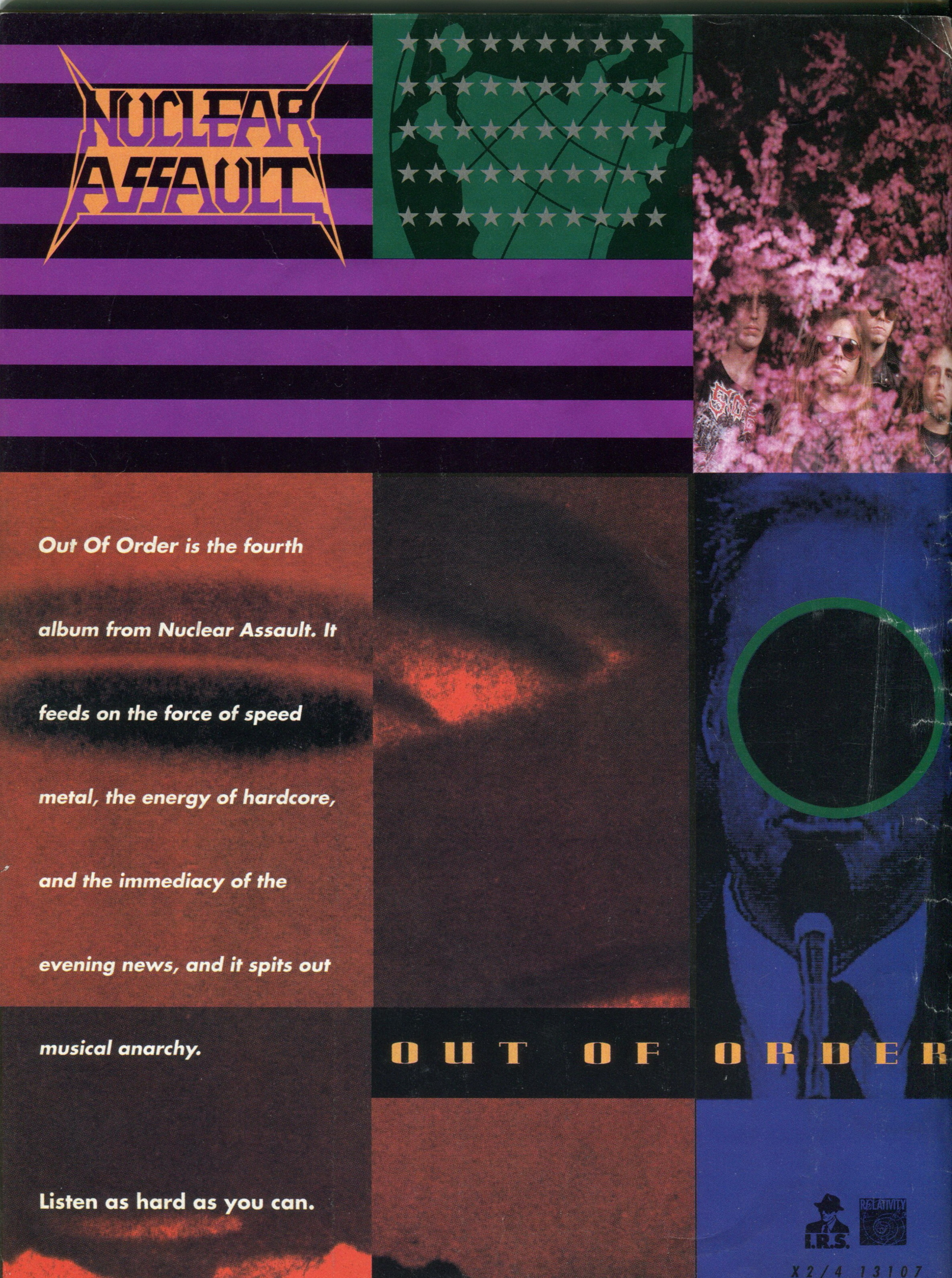
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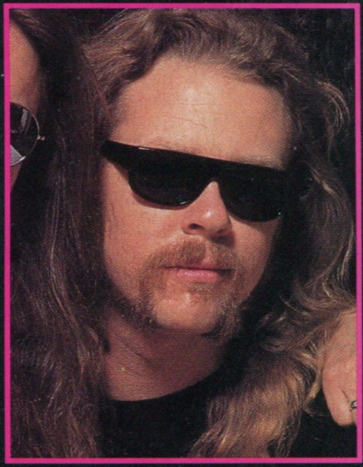

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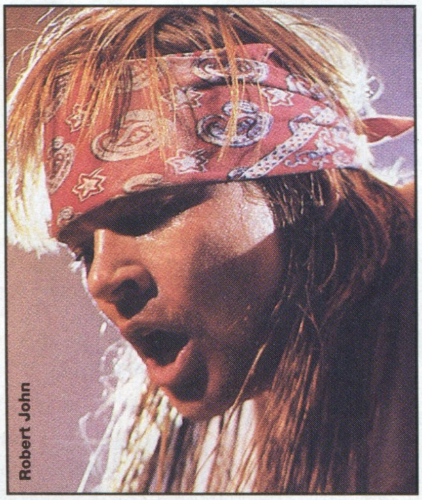
STATIC

PLAYIN' POST OFFICE

LETTER OF THE MONTH

What's all this bullshit about Axl Rose being rude to his fans and starting a riot in St. Louis? I was in the first row, and I saw it all. Some biker dude had a camera, and was taking pictures. Axl repeatedly told security to take it away, but the assholes wouldn't listen, so he went into the audience to get it himself. Axl was so pissed, he took the band off stage. After that, some of the crowd started booing and chanting, "Bullshit." The cops came out with a firehose and began to spray the crowd. That just made things worse. A large mass of people rushed the stage. The police and security began beating people and spraying mace. That's when all hell broke loose. Trees were uprooted, chairs ripped apart, and screens pulled down. Four hundred police in riot gear responded. About 80 people were hurt. There was an estimated two to three hundred thousand dollars damage done.


Robert John

First of all, Axl wouldn't have had to go into the audience if security would have been doing their f?!king jobs! I would like to quote Irv Zuckerman of Contemporary Productions. He said, "We had more than 100 security guards. People were being searched...but you can only do so much if they hide things to the point of stupidity." Come on, get off it, man! Could 100 guards really control the 19,000 people on hand? Also, if people were searched, did the biker dude have that camera shoved up his butt crack? Zuckerman is also denying inadequate security. But a security guard that worked the show that night stated, on television, that they were understaffed. I think Zuckerman and Contemporary Productions better get their shit together.

Secondly, Axl didn't say, "Rush the stage," "Trash this joint," or "Fight the police." What some of the crowd did was their own doing! How can you blame Axl? He didn't put a gun to their heads. I know there were a lot of people hurt—I was one of them—but it sure the hell wasn't Axl's fault. As for Axl, I'm behind you all the way! I admire you for standing up for what you believe in and not letting a bunch of assholes tell you what to do. Not too many people have the guts to do that. God bless, and good luck on the road.

—Christina G.
Hermann, Missouri

MORE GN'R GAB

On June 29, 1991, we attended a kick-ass Skid Row/Guns N' Roses show in Lexington, Kentucky. We were blown away by the great stuff Guns played off *Appetite for Destruction* ("Paradise City," "Sweet Child o' Mine" and "Welcome to the Jungle") and *Use Your Illusion* ("Dust and Bones," "November Rain" and "Live and Let Die"). What really pissed us off was that during the new songs, a lot of people stood still with dumb looks on their faces or, even worse, sat down. Axl Rose even noticed this. First of all, we don't know the songs off the new albums better than anyone else, but we can still rock to a beat and show GN'R that we appreciate them. And second, if you're gonna sit on your ass in the front row, then you can trade seats with some poor soul in the back (like one of us) who is gonna rock! Concerts are our time to see the performers and for them to see us. We don't want GN'R to think that there are no real fans in Kentucky. To our fellow patrons attending the concert, it's bad enough to be pinned with the moniker "redneck" just because you live in Kentucky. Now Guns N' Roses probably think that we are too. To Guns N' Roses, we want to apologize. You are a hard-rockin' band, and we're pissed that the Lexington audience didn't give you the kick-ass reception you deserved. If you ever venture into Kentucky again, please come to *Louisville*, where the people know how to rock!

—Lee, Susan and Sarah
Louisville, Kentucky

PHASERS ON STUN

I've noticed something lately that's really freaking me out. Everywhere I look, some rocker has on what looks like the same damn black shirt with white polka dots! Over the past year I have spotted Anthony Esposito, Jani Lane, Nuno Bettencourt, Erik Turner and, most recently, Michael Anthony and Mick Brown wearing one of these things. George Lynch also had polka dots on his beautiful rear end on a recent TV show. What the hell is going on? Are these mysterious shirts evil, alien life-forms trying to take over the planet? Or are these people in a conspiracy to drive others crazy?

—Psycho Bimbo From Hell
Wisconsin

PEEVED AT POISON

An open letter to Poison: In the video to the second single off your *Flesh & Blood* album, "Ride the Wind," we see actual footage of C.C. DeVille getting piss drunk, dancing on someone's car and being arrested and taken away in a police car. As I am sure you are aware, your influence is great. Many people look up to you as role models and musical inspirations. Your radiance of fun and "Have a ball!" attitude have always struck me as pretty damn cool. My question might be obvious now. I believe you made a hell of a mistake by putting the aforementioned footage in your video. My personal convictions regarding alcohol aside, this was a dumb thing to do. Would you have us, your almost entirely teenaged legions of fans, believe that it is really cool to get shitfaced, disturb the peace, and be arrested? —Matt W.

THAT FISHBONE FEELING

I just wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed the Fishbone article in the August issue ["Funk-Metal Monsters"]. Being a girl, I sometimes feel the same outside feelings that the band expressed about being black and playing rock and roll. Just because I'm female doesn't mean I have to like crap like Slaughter and Bon Jovi. I like Fishbone because they challenge the listener with ideas and music, and I thought their style and humor was captured perfectly by the writer, Scott Schalin. I hope more groups try something different, instead of just copying what everyone else is doing (and already copying!). —Johnette S.

GRACIAS

You guys are completely, totally and majorly ass-kickin'! The photos, interviews and even the ads are *perfect*! Until I read your articles on L.A. Guns and Poison, I absolutely *hated* the two bands. I still won't listen to their music, but, hell, I found out that the guys in the bands can actually be cool when they're not playin' "bubble gum" songs. I'd like to say that anyone who doesn't like RIP can pull their bottom lip over the top of their head and swallow themselves! Gotta go. My sister is on fire (again). —Mack L.

Lawrenceville, Illinois

MUSIC MATTERS MOST

Man, this shit is hilarious! I've subscribed to your magazine for two years, and always read it before I subscribed. I'm sitting here reading *Static*, and I just laugh at how many people are such idiots. King Diamond this, Slaughter that—who cares! I don't give a flying f?!k who or what these people are! The music is what counts! I don't care if someone is homosexual, a sexist, a Satanist or retarded! It seems to me that everyone is so caught up in the way musicians are in everyday life that, along the way, they forgot what music is about. Music is a personal thing! If it does something for you, listen to it! Who cares what people think or who they are! Wake up, dudes! *You're* the people ruining metal by caring about the personal lives of the musicians more than the music! —J.M.

NO MERCY

That guy in Sisters Of Mercy is really, really deep ["Sex and Violence," July '91]. Wow. When I look at his dark glasses and freshly dyed black hair, I think such erotic, post-post-modern, outré intellectual thoughts like: Oh, Andrew, you look so divine with cigarette burns in your skin so pale like an orchid. I love the way your ripe flesh yields to my glistening butcher knife and the depth of the crimson blood dripping from your crotch. You look so much better when you're dead. You seem so much smarter when you can't talk. —Elizabeth D.

A TALE OF TWO TITANS

The other day I went to a local record store to buy a tape. I walked in, and there was Joey Belladonna of Anthrax signing autographs. I have to say, he is one of the sweetest, nicest people I've met in rock and roll. On the other hand, the next day I went to the same record store to see Megadeth. I waited outside in 95-degree weather for three hours to see these assholes. They were so stuck-up, I couldn't believe it! I thought after I waited in the heat for three hours, the least they could do was say, "Hi, what's your name?" or something. Instead they just scribbled their names on a piece of paper, and security almost threw us out. They wouldn't even look at any of their fans, unless they were giving 'em dirty looks. At least Joey had the decency to talk to me and ask my name. I just have to say, Megadeth, you are a bunch of dickheads, and your music isn't even that good! As for Joe and the guys from Anthrax, I wanna thank you for being so cool to your fans. You guys kick ass! —Michele P.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

What the hell is going on with rock and roll these days? The last concert I attended was outrageous. Tickets were $30 (after everyone's service charge), T-shirts were $23-$28, and parking was $3-$7, depending on how much you like to walk through downtown Minneapolis. A few years ago the average rock concert cost was $30 (including ticket, T-shirt, etc.). Because of these ridiculous prices, we can only afford to go to two concerts a year, instead of six. But we only get a few top bands here anyway, and badly promoted ones at that. It is rumored that Guns N' Roses will not play here because they played Alpine Valley, Wisconsin (a six-and-a-half-hour drive, one way). Rock, as I see it, has become too commercialized and business-oriented, and is now everything it started off fighting against.

—A Minneapolis Rocker

HOME-VIDEO HELL

Being a true rock 'n' roll fan, I want to know as much as possible about my favorite bands. So, after all the albums and magazine articles are out, I buy the home videos. Now, when I (and most other fans) buy a video, we don't want to see the same old rehashed stuff. We can watch MTV for that. We want to see something new. I have purchased (to name a few) home videos by Ozzy (a weak 20-minute tape), Motley Crue (a scripted T&A show) and Bon Jovi (the same old b.s.). I love all these bands, but their home videos leave a lot to be desired. I was satisfied when I put Skid Row's *Oh Say Can You Scream* into my VCR. From the start, a live "Big Guns" mixed with vintage war footage, to their honesty in showing footage of, and interviews after, Springfield and the now-famous bottle incident, this is definitely the best video I've ever seen. Not only does this tape have an hour-and-a-half of kick-ass live stuff, but also backstage stuff you aren't gonna see anywhere else. So all I can say is thanks to Skid Row for not stealing my money like so many other bands have done in the past. Also, thanks for letting me at least get a little peek at the people behind the music I love so much. —Dayna N.

Morgan Hill, California

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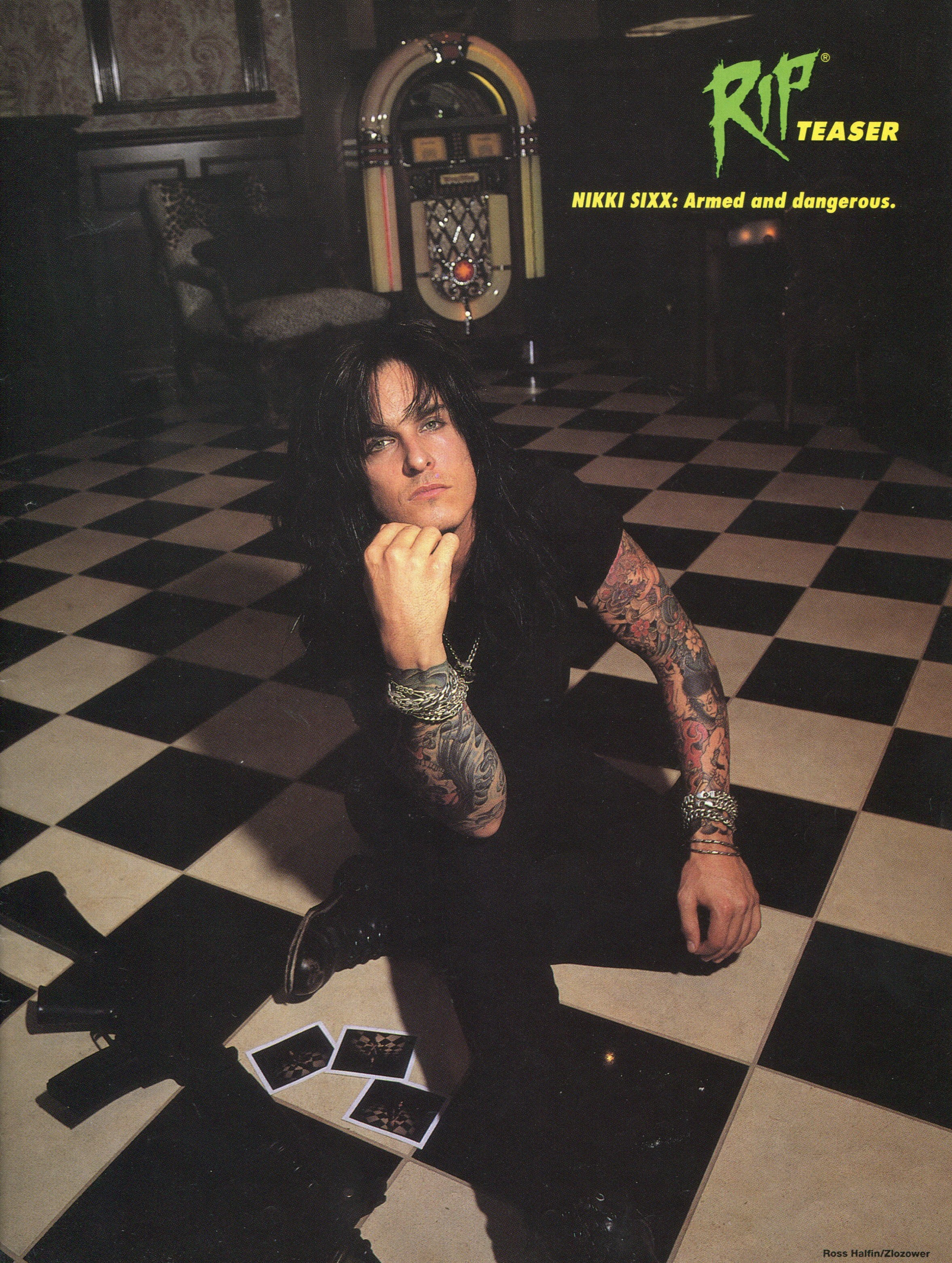
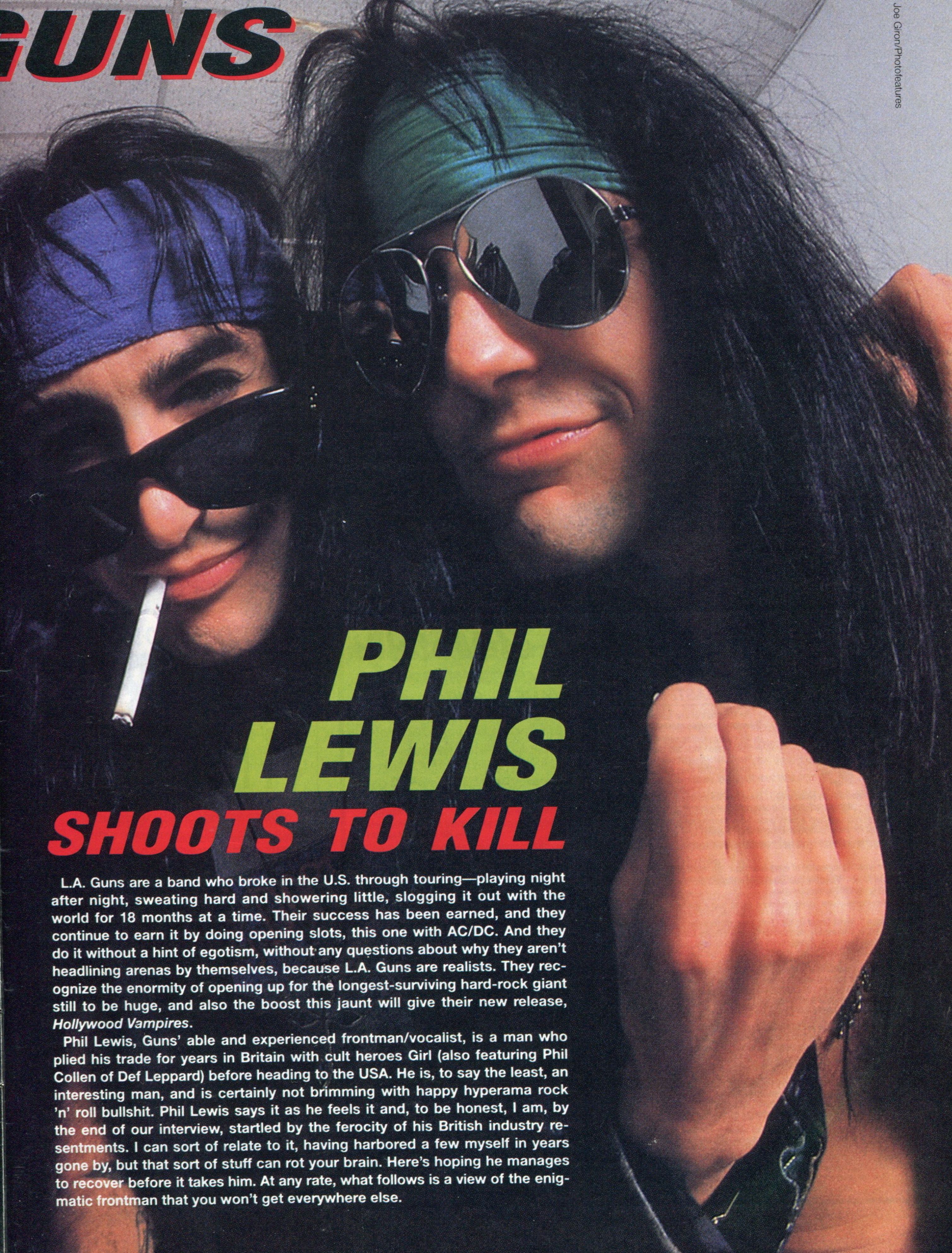


NIKKI SIXX: Armed and dangerous.

Ross Halfin/Zlozower

L.A.

by Steffan Chirazi



Joe Giron/Photofeatures

GUNS

PHIL LEWIS

SHOOTS TO KILL

L.A. Guns are a band who broke in the U.S. through touring—playing night after night, sweating hard and showering little, slogging it out with the world for 18 months at a time. Their success has been earned, and they continue to earn it by doing opening slots, this one with AC/DC. And they do it without a hint of egotism, without any questions about why they aren't headlining arenas by themselves, because L.A. Guns are realists. They recognize the enormity of opening up for the longest-surviving hard-rock giant still to be huge, and also the boost this jaunt will give their new release, *Hollywood Vampires*.

Phil Lewis, Guns' able and experienced frontman/vocalist, is a man who plied his trade for years in Britain with cult heroes Girl (also featuring Phil Collen of Def Leppard) before heading to the USA. He is, to say the least, an interesting man, and is certainly not brimming with happy hyperama rock 'n' roll bullshit. Phil Lewis says it as he feels it and, to be honest, I am, by the end of our interview, startled by the ferocity of his British industry resentments. I can sort of relate to it, having harbored a few myself in years gone by, but that sort of stuff can rot your brain. Here's hoping he manages to recover before it takes him. At any rate, what follows is a view of the enigmatic frontman that you won't get everywhere else.

I start off by talking to him about the different mindset one has to adopt when coming to the U.S. "It's a much more positive attitude," he sighs. "You meet a guy in a pub in London, and he asks you what you do, and you say you're in a band, and it's like, big deal, like it's a joke. 'So what? Who isn't in a band?' In L.A. or New York you meet someone in a bar, and you're talking, and you say you're in a band, and they say, 'Oh, that's cool. My brother-in-law's doing a movie, and I'm doing a screenplay,' or, 'We need a band for my cousin's bar mitzvah.' It's like, yeah, we can do something with this. Obviously I didn't know that before I came, but it didn't take me long to suss it out."

What was the one thing that forced you to leave Britain? With me it was a grumpy, sadistic, unscrupulous bastard of an editor, so I know we all have our breaking points.

"When we put out *Back to Babylon* [Torme], which was a brilliant album under the circumstances...I listen to EMF now, and it cracks me up, 'cause they're doing exactly what we were doing, and everyone's saying they're the next big new thing. It's a f?!king joke, and I was doing it ages ago. I ended up thinking, 'F?!k it,' because I couldn't give any more of my soul and not get anything back in return. I'd given four or five years. I'd frozen, I'd starved, I'd rehearsed in rooms smaller than this with mushrooms growing up the side. If it was a question of paying my dues, I felt justified, but I still wasn't getting anywhere."

Things are starting to get ugly, and it's about now that I realize Phil Lewis absolutely believes he suffered more tortures of the damned than most. Phil is bitter, and he won't allow himself to forget it.

"I never wanted to be a millionaire," he cries. "I wasn't getting anywhere, and all I wanted to do was work. I ended up getting embarrassed to speak out and show any enthusiasm at all—not even just about my own thing, but about anything. I'm the sort of personality who's bubbly and gets excited about things. I makes no bones about it, it's genuine enthusiasm, but it was sort of uncool to be enthusiastic or want to be successful.

"I used to work at a demolition site at the end of Girl, which is about as down-and-out as I ever wanna get. I used to work with these guys on the site, and I used to talk about things I'd done, places I'd been, tours I'd been on—that I'd been to Tokyo and so on—and they thought I was out of my f?!king mind." The more I imagine it, the more I can see *any* brickie getting bloody pissed off at hearing about it every day. "They thought I was absolutely dreaming. I had one last Japanese tour to do in '82. They asked me why I was doing this job. For me, it was a case of needing the money. It was a great way of working out. It was an outdoor job, and I was getting a suntan, so it was like going to the gym and being paid for it." A ray of optimism there. "Well, yeah, I am the eternal optimist. Anyway, they started telling me I wasn't going to Tokyo, and that I must be crazy. I was only there for a month before I got my paycheck and said, 'I'm off now, see ya.' They asked me where I was going, and I told them I was off on tour Monday, to which they said, 'Bollocks.' I literally had to send the foreman a postcard from Tokyo, sort of just to say, 'I'm here, you're there, f?!k you.' "

Getting that animosity flowing. "Yeah, but animosity can be a great driving force too—looking at a positive side to a negative element, y'know, proving all those bastards wrong."

What are the differences between touring in the U.S. and Britain? Basically L.A. Guns broke the U.S. because of endless touring, so Lewis has had more than his share of experience.

"America's got rock 'n' roll, and Britain's got east-enders." That's what it comes down to? "Yeah, really, that's it," he sighs. "It's an amusing pastime in England, and it's serious business here, and I'm serious about it, which is the difference. We were doing tours here for 18 months before our first video was ever played on MTV." Which a lot of people overlook, saying that MTV is responsible for the band breaking through. Frustrating? "Well, y'know, whatever you do, they always call it an overnight success," he reasons. "MTV have been very helpful, and we played every toilet with a stage in it. It got to the point that when our first album went gold, I really believed I had personally spoken to every single person who bought it. I guarantee that. We had no security on our dressing room door, because there was nothing to steal. We did it in one tour bus with crew and girlfriends, and it was great. We did our thing, and people dug it. It was a heart-and-soul situation, where we didn't wanna be rock stars, we just wanted to play everywhere we could. We

(continued on page 93)

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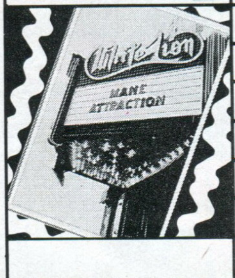

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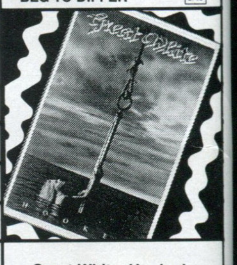

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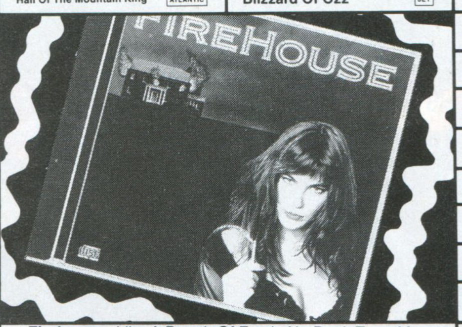

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AC/DC	WHO MADE WHO	345·371	ATLANTIC
POISON	Look What The Cat Dragged In	347·229	ENIGMA
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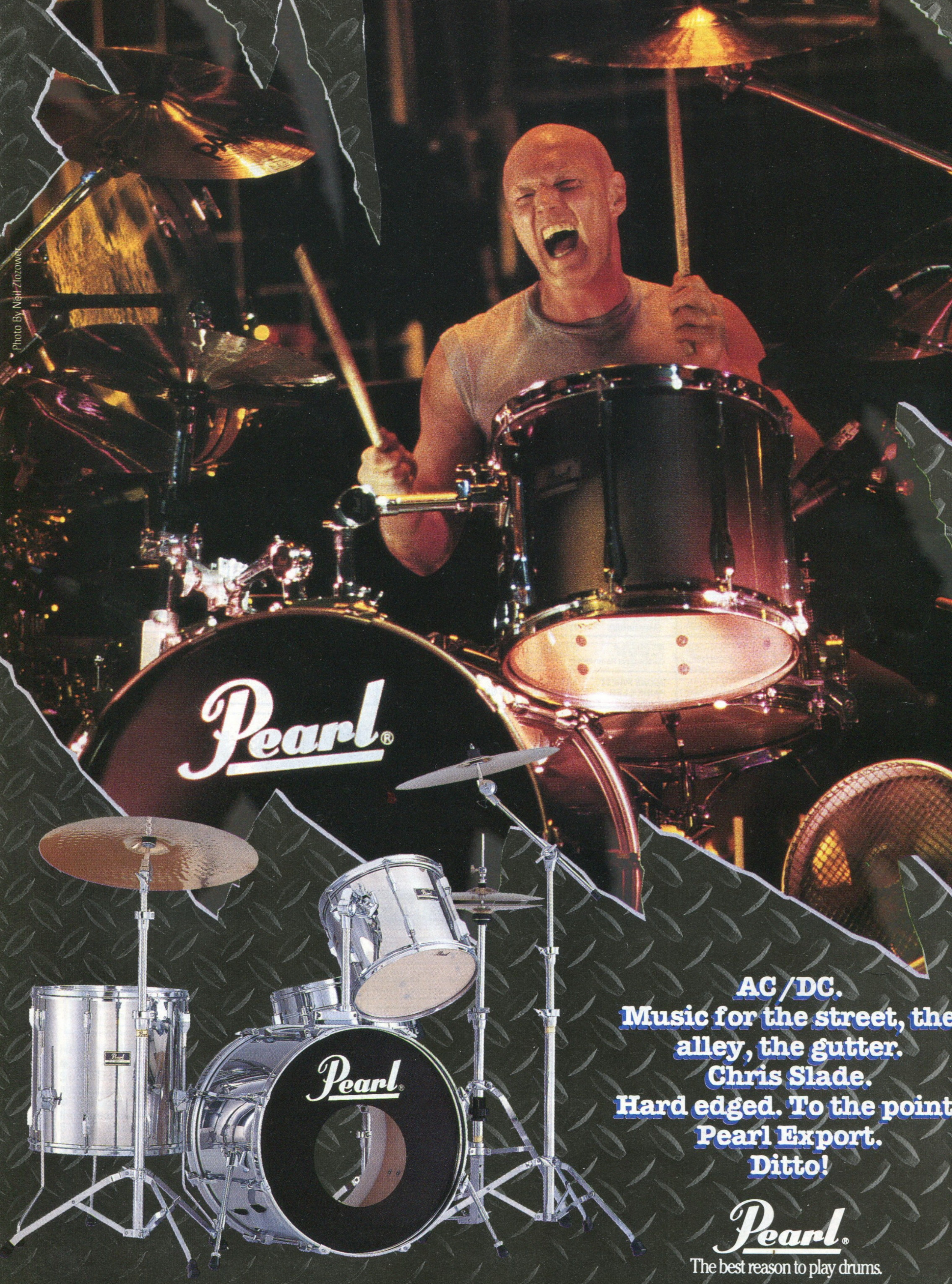

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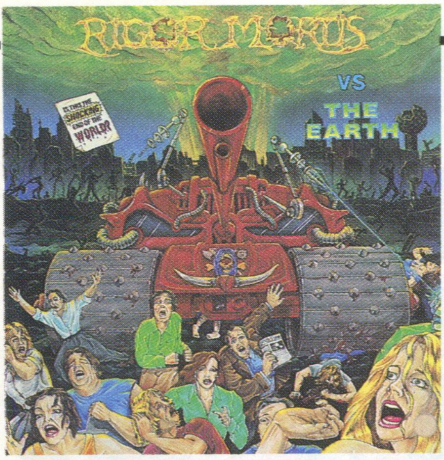
Edited by Janiss Garza



RIGOR MORTIS: *Rigor Mortis Vs. the Earth*
(Triple X) ††

When I saw that Rigor Mortis contributed a track to the recent *Dude, You Rock* compilation put out by Triple X Records, it set my mind to rest as to what the Texas band had been up to after their sudden emergence on a major label back in 1988 and their somewhat surreptitious exit from the scene shortly thereafter.

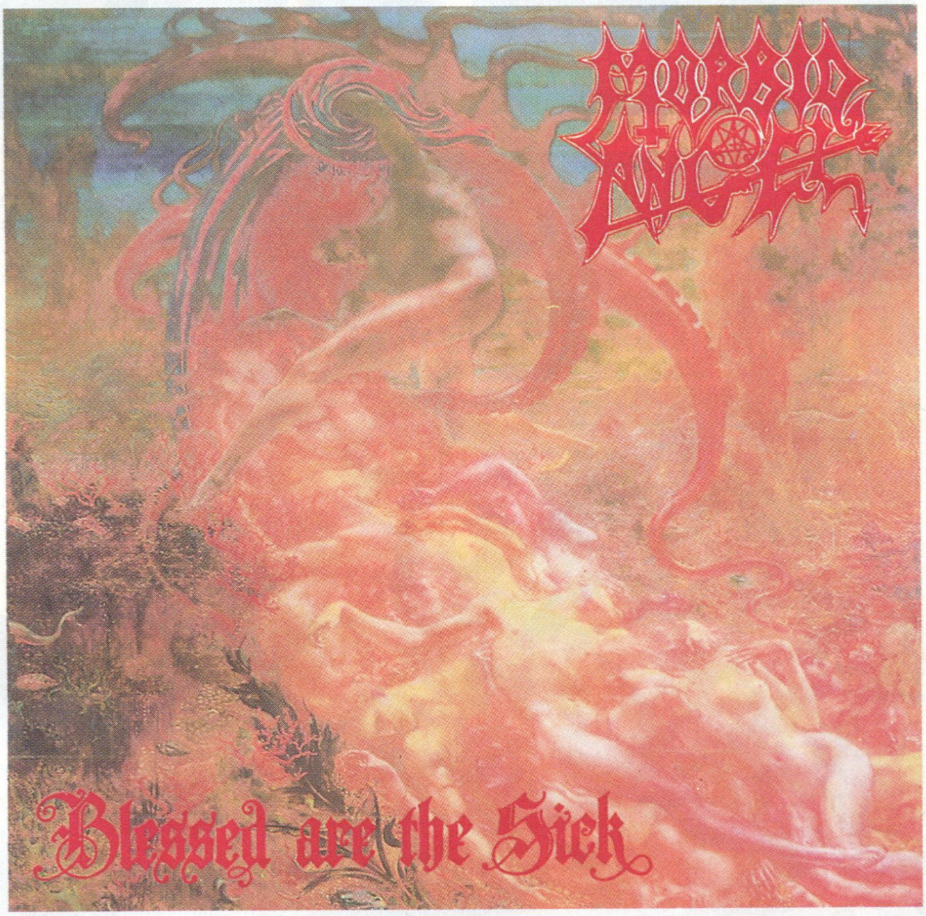
Not that the band haven't been busy in the meantime. After all, they did contribute music to *The Decline of Western Civilization Pt. 2 (The Metal Years)* soundtrack, and guitarist Mike Scaccia combined forces with Al Jourgensen and a whole host of other musicians in support of Ministry's recent tour. While I think it would have been great if Mike had gone on to something more permanent with Ministry, one can understand his reasons for wanting to command his own band.

This leads us to the new album, *Rigor Mortis Vs. the Earth*. In the past, Rigor Mortis have been quoted to the effect that they go out of their way to have no meaning to their music. This was certainly true of their debut, but on the new album they appear to have some songs that deal with the byproducts of nuclear disaster. Instead of labeling their record, they interjected an audio parental-warning preceding the first song. The A side struck me as being an uncohesive blur of speed laced with haphazard guitar and rhythm, with no song standing out except for the expertly done cover of the Ramones' "Psychotherapy," which appeared on another Triple X compilation, this one paying tribute to the Ramones. Fortunately the flipside had some very good songs to redeem the album. The relentless rhythm section and hooks that Scaccia created on "City in Fear" were impressive, along with the harnessed speed of "Asphyxia." The raw, post-punk energy of "Dead Fish" made that song shine also.

Rigor Mortis touch upon expertise during the course of *Vs. the Earth*, with certain songs highlighting their abilities better than others. However, most of the album didn't do them justice, leading one to believe they should concentrate a lot more on songwriting.

—Vicky Willis

Lethal!	†††††
Call the Paramedics	††††
Heart Flutters	†††
Mild Abrasion	††
No Damage	†



MORBID ANGEL: *Blessed Are the Sick*
(Combat/Earache) ††††

Gore-flecked Floridians Morbid Angel are so well-versed in their repulsive arte-de-over-the-top that somewhere amidst their incantations to Azezel, Belial, Absu, Nar-Marratuk and their old pal Lucifer, you can see 'em slappin' on a little sun block and sippin' wine coolers by the banks of the River Styx. Often described as the ultimate in death metal, a sound given a sudden resurgence by the waning of Metalli-formulated thrash, Morbid Angel instill their genre with a hyperactive musical literacy that pushes the envelope far beyond the sonic violence wreaked by their labelmates Napalm Death and Carcass.

Blessed Are the Sick is a thoroughly unaccommodating body of work. Where something like Slayer's *Reign in Blood* swings in its slashology, the emphasis here is on sheer density and the squeaks and skronks the unholy foursome can wrench from their blackened woodwork. "Fall From Grace" explodes sadistically with languishing metal riffs, grindcoring tempos and a guitar team —the wonderfully named Trey Azagthoth and Richard Brunelle—that doesn't play leads as much as spread them out like the gut paste of so many crushed animals.

"Brainstorm" is a dizzying, odious romp, changing directions and tempos in a nanosecond courtesy of Pete Sandoval's superb skin-work, which pins down a fierce backbeat without sacrificing dexterity. Scything through a lucky 13 tracks (13, get it! Boo! Scary) chock-full of jarring rifflets, calm acoustic passages and sudden acerbic guitar skrees (as on the demo era-holdover "Abominations"), Morbid Angel deliver enough godless hatred, extremism and technical flourish to flirt with the outer limits of accepted thrashdom, and then some.

Lyrics? Enough anarcho-religious messages to make both Aleister Crowley and Anton LaVey giddy. Want something to send your sweet old granny into conniptions? Try, "Ghouls who pray the death of god/Destroy Jehovah's church/Vomit upon the cross/And burn the book of lies," which vocalist David Vincent sandblasts with his tonsils on "Unholy Blasphemies." A bit too over-the-top? Sure. Morbid Angel know it and, like the little devils they are, back up the audio bloodshed with a steady current of quiet absurdist humor.

Who says you can't have a good laugh in purgatory? After all, we're talking *real evil* here.

—Mike Gitter

THE ALMIGHTY

THE ALMIGHTY: *Soul Destruction*
(Polydor/PolyGram) ††††

The Almighty's sophomore ball-peen hammer of a disc, *Soul Destruction*, is the sort of album Motorhead shoulda' made when Bill Laswell took the reins of *Orgasmatron*. Big, brutish amphetamine anthems cut from the rock by the debauched, swaggering love children of Lemmy and Zodiac Mindwarp; a snarling rock vision that slaps you 'round with alternating gloves of soft velvet and coarse leather; as soulful as it is aggressive, while rarely venturing far from their three-chords, no waiting, turf. The opener "Crucify" spits phlegm by the gallon, actually managing to out-Motorhead Motorhead, while "Bandaged Knees" takes an opposing, but still Marshall-powered, course. It's an angry ballad that paints a vivid picture of terminally unshaven frontman Ricky Warwick standing on a dirt mound, fists clenched, scowling.

The Almighty's territory remains the dole-queue—with visions of Hollywood dancing in the sunset. "Free 'n' Easy" intertwines the two milieus perfectly, being hook-powered enough to qualify for AOR success with its roots in plenty of Brit-rock, Slade-on-the-soccer-field traditions.

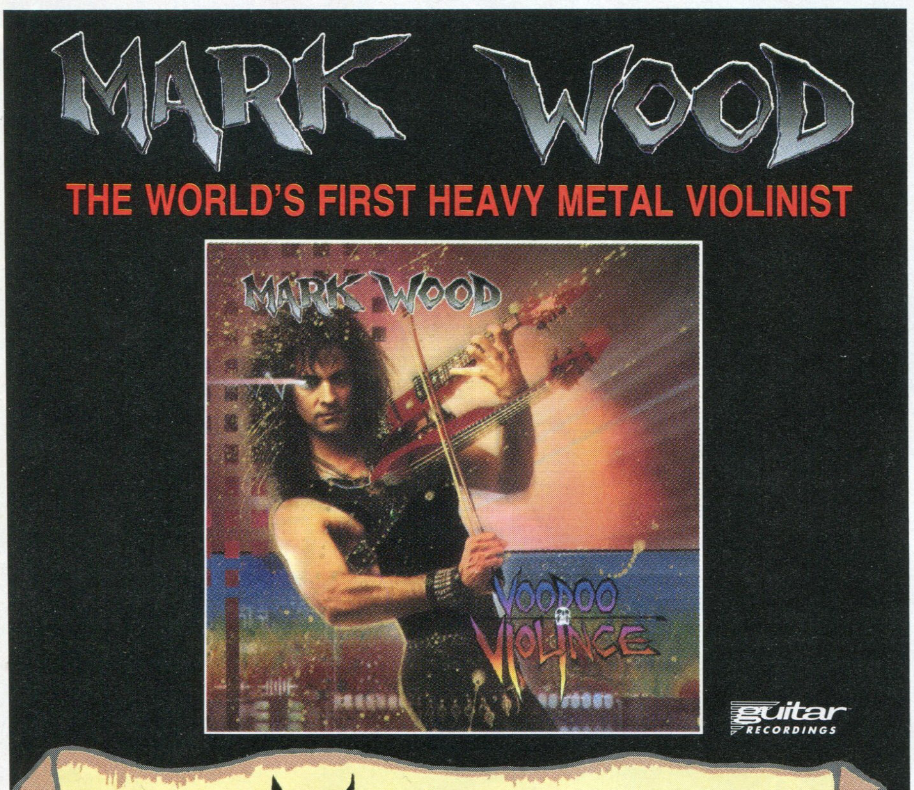
Too British for U.S. success? Naah. Producer and ex-Duran Duranie Andy Taylor has taken the uncompromising rawness of their *Blood, Fire & Love* debut and supplanted it with a heartfelt accessibility that never sounds particularly forced. Sure, "Sin Against the Light" knocks on the Doors, and "Little Lost Sometimes" borrows a guitar line here and there from Guns N' Roses' "Patience," but these are trifling matters. If it gives the band with the best name in rock a foot up in the U.S. metal stakes, so be it. Any bunch that can spout lines like, "Please believe me when I lie to you/I'm so far gone, my soul's black and blue" ("Loaded") deserves not only poet laureate status, but respect on both sides of the Atlantic.

So good you can smell the gasoline for hours after you file the damn thing away.

—M.G.

JOHN CONNELLY THEORY: *Back to Basics*
(Relativity) ††††

New York-based conscience-thrashers Nuclear Assault have always emphasized global concerns over personal ones, and despite its punkish punch, their music has



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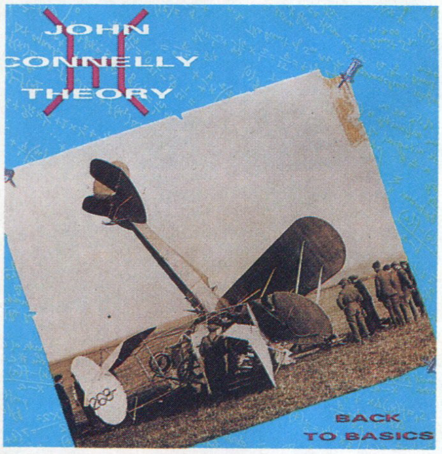
always seemed less personal, less unique than it could be. But now the Nuke guys are doing solo albums, which I find more spirited and interesting than their collective works. Last year drummer Glenn Evans unleashed his one-man show, C.I.A., and now we've got John Connelly Theory, a sometimes-zany, sometimes-serious quartet led by Assault singer/guitarist Connelly. (Industry insiders say JCT will be an ongoing project, though John will continue to work with Nuclear Assault.)

Back to Basics bears some resemblance to Nuclear Assault—Connelly's raspy voice and the music's general density are giveaways. But dig these details: 1. Each side begins with a brief sound-effects psychodrama, "Bizarre Noise" and "Charlie Brownstone," the latter of which is about the day Charlie Brown went nuts. 2. They pull off a killer cover of Argent's "Hold Your Head Up," complete with pealing electric organ. 3. "7/8 Solution" is a wack-tempo instrumental. 4. "In Memory," the best tune, is a strange mixture of baroque chamber music and granite-hard-chord crescendos, with great painful lyrics about self-doubt. 5. My personal fave, "L.H.A." ("Long-Haired Asshole") points out the obvious fact that major world atrocities (the S&L crisis, organized crime, etc.) are perpetrated by short-haired creeps in business suits who'd call you and me scum just because our hair's long.

F?!k 'em. —*Tom Nordlie*



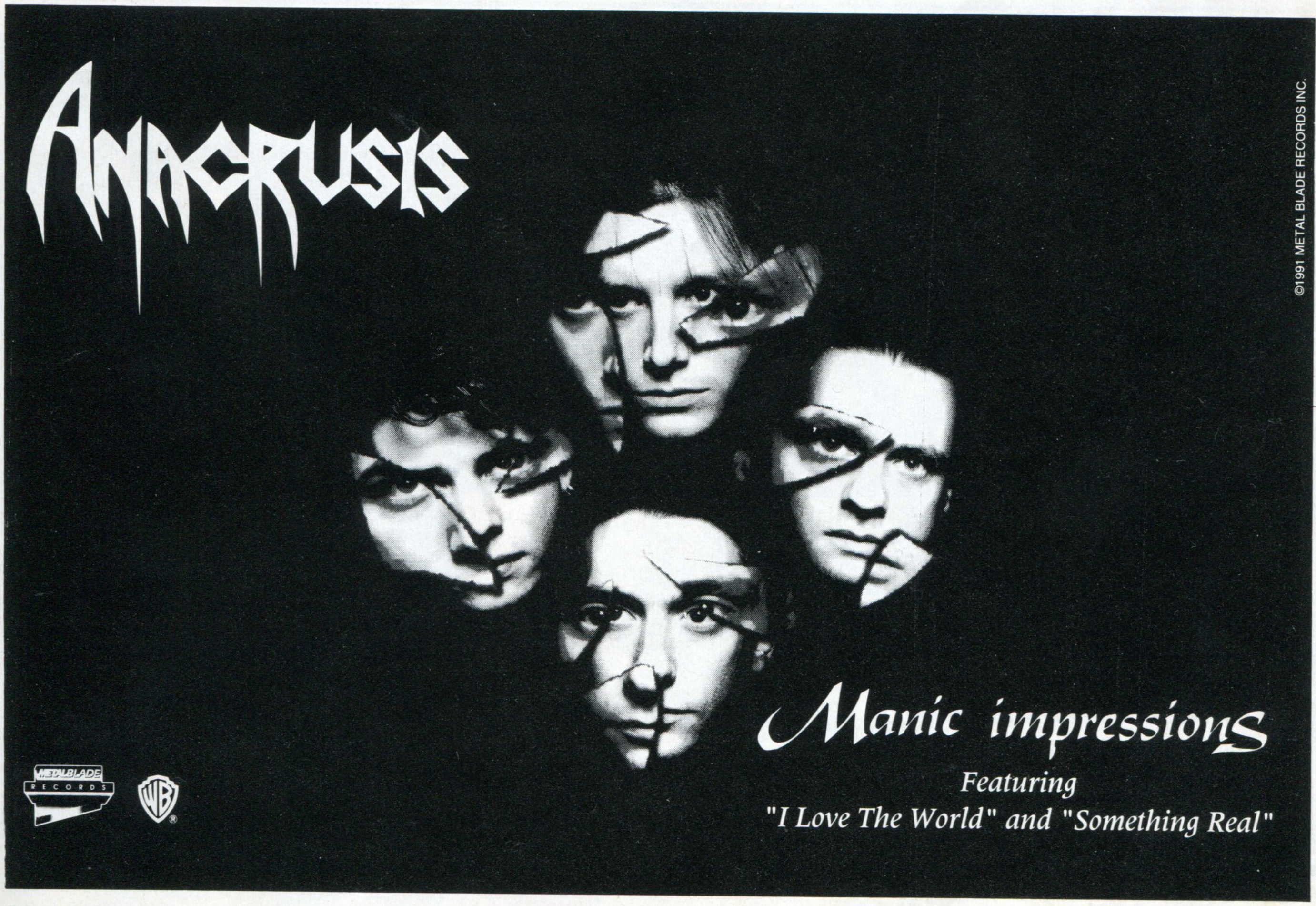
HAVANA BLACK
EXILES IN MAINSTREAM

HAVANA BLACK: *Exiles in Mainstream*
(Hollywood) †††

Music is a universal language; Havana Black is proof positive. On *Exiles in Mainstream*, their second American release, these Finnish rockers sound like they were weaned in the Mississippi Delta, listening to Bad Company, various and sundry '70s bands and a liberal dose of Robert Johnson. Sure, occasionally vocalist Hannu Leiden's accent slips through, but this quartet purveys classic rock, American-style, albeit with '90s instrumental touches and production courtesy of Eddie Kramer.

While *Exiles in Mainstream* is a great-sounding, cohesive album, it probably won't garner gigantic airplay. Not as commercial as a Whitesnake, nor as catchy/poplike as Cinderella, nary a tune clocks in at under four minutes, with some stretching as long as seven. The record opens with the mellow lilt of "Faceless Days" before charging into a revved-up, countrified foot-stomper of a rocker in "Trashtown." Lyrically, in numbers like "Trashtown," "Ain't No Love" and "Kill City Blues," Havana Black, as the title of their disc suggests, deal with being a strangers in a very strange land. Strong cuts include the straightforward "Love, Understanding & a Helping Hand," which, with its catchy, sing-along chorus, might be a good bet for radio; the heavy, bluesy groover "Ain't No Love"; and the album's cool closer, "Freedom Child," which smacks of the Cult meeting Bad Co.

Instrumentally, Havana Black have a lot of fun, purveying the "silly organ from Orange County," dobro, electric sitar, mandolin and pots and pans to good effect on tunes such


ANACRUSIS
Manic impressions
Featuring
"I Love The World" and "Something Real"
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as "Cafe Interpol." Their cool combo cover of "Oh Well, a Young Man" blends the Fleetwood Mac gem "Oh Well" with the classic "Young Man's Blues" for a killer hybrid.

There's no doubt Havana Black are passionate about what they're doing. Unfortunately, their blues-based approach to rock has been done before and, on this album at least, they haven't written an "All Right Now" or any other such instantly memorable tune. The album is a strong sophomore effort, more fully realized than their *Indian Warriors* record, but as the title suggests, with this outing Havana Black will probably continue to be exiles, at least in the Nelson sense of the mainstream music biz.

—Katherine Turman

Bob Leafe

DREAD ZEPPELIN: *5,000,000**
(IRS) ††

If you didn't get/appreciate the joke the first time, don't expect a miracle. Dread Zep's second album is a surprise by its very existence —how many novelty acts make a follow-up, when the world has already heard the punchline?

*5,000,000** (either a takeoff on the numerically listed Led Zep LPs, 1-4, or a commentary on the band's phenomenal sales) is an improvement over the debut, basically because you don't have to laugh at it to dig it. The Zep-as-reggae-as-done-by-Elvis silliness is in abundance for sure, but this time the boys play it a little looser, hence they end up even closer to the real thing and are funnier that way. Who'da thunk it, right? Oddly enough, the best number on the record is an original entitled "Big Ol' Gol Belt," a cheery ode to Mr. Presley's monster gut-holder. And, yes, they do a Bob Marley tune in semi-Led mode, "Stir It Up," complete with a hilarious menu of edibles that porcine front-hog Tortelvis intends to quaff from the local fast-food emporium. Either fit for a king or the king's fits, you figure it out.

Considering the recent teaming of Jimmy Page and David Coverdale, Dread Zep has a whole new career in front of itself. Pictur reggae versions of Whitesnake as sung b Elvis with Zep guitar sampling Deep Purpl and Yardbird riffs and.... Forget it. Drea Zeppelin is good for a laugh, but there nothing funny about corporate, recycle rock any way you look at it. This album probably miles beyond what is coming fror the Sunshine Boys of metal, so enjoy it whi you can.

—Johnny Ange

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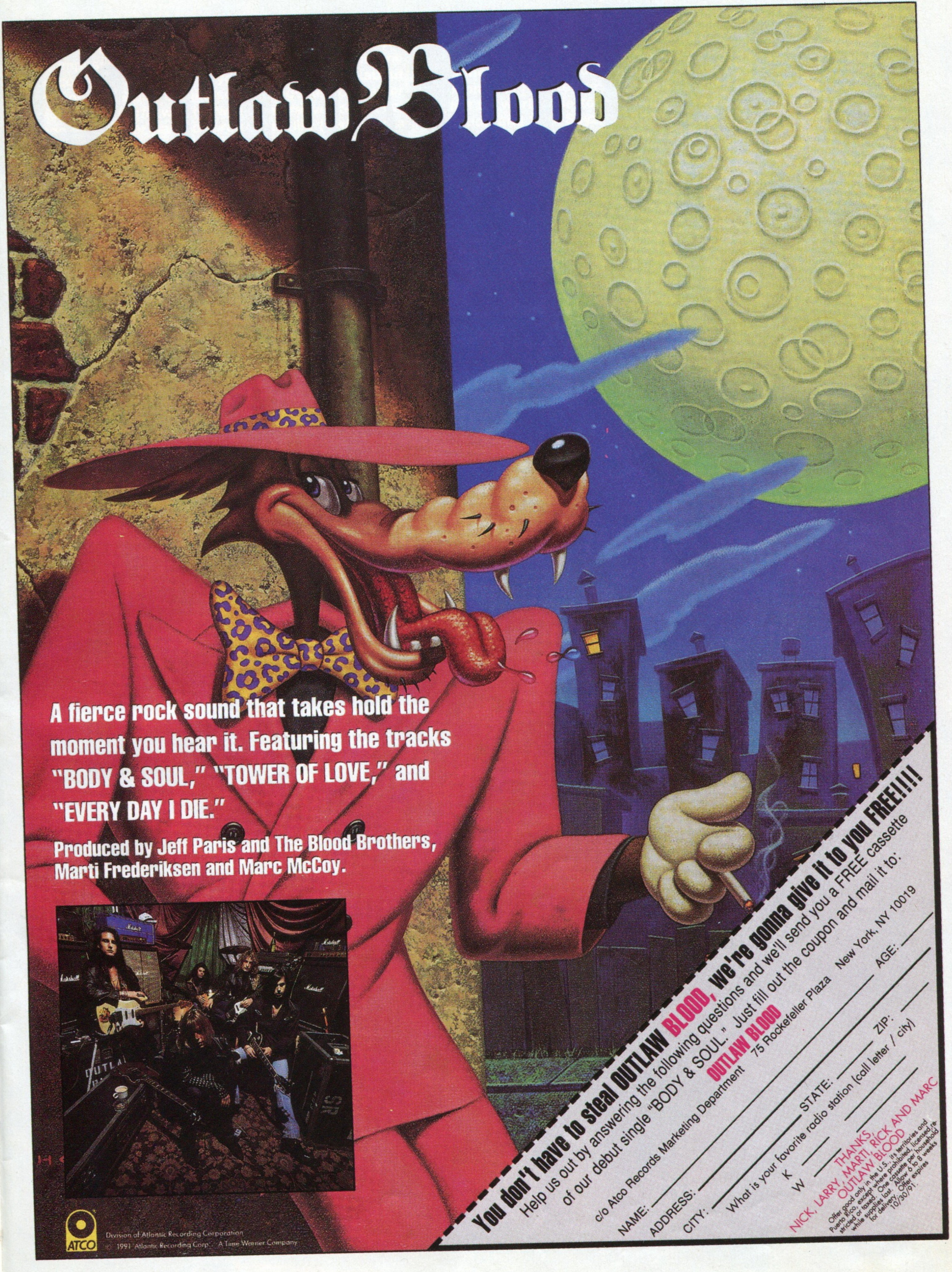

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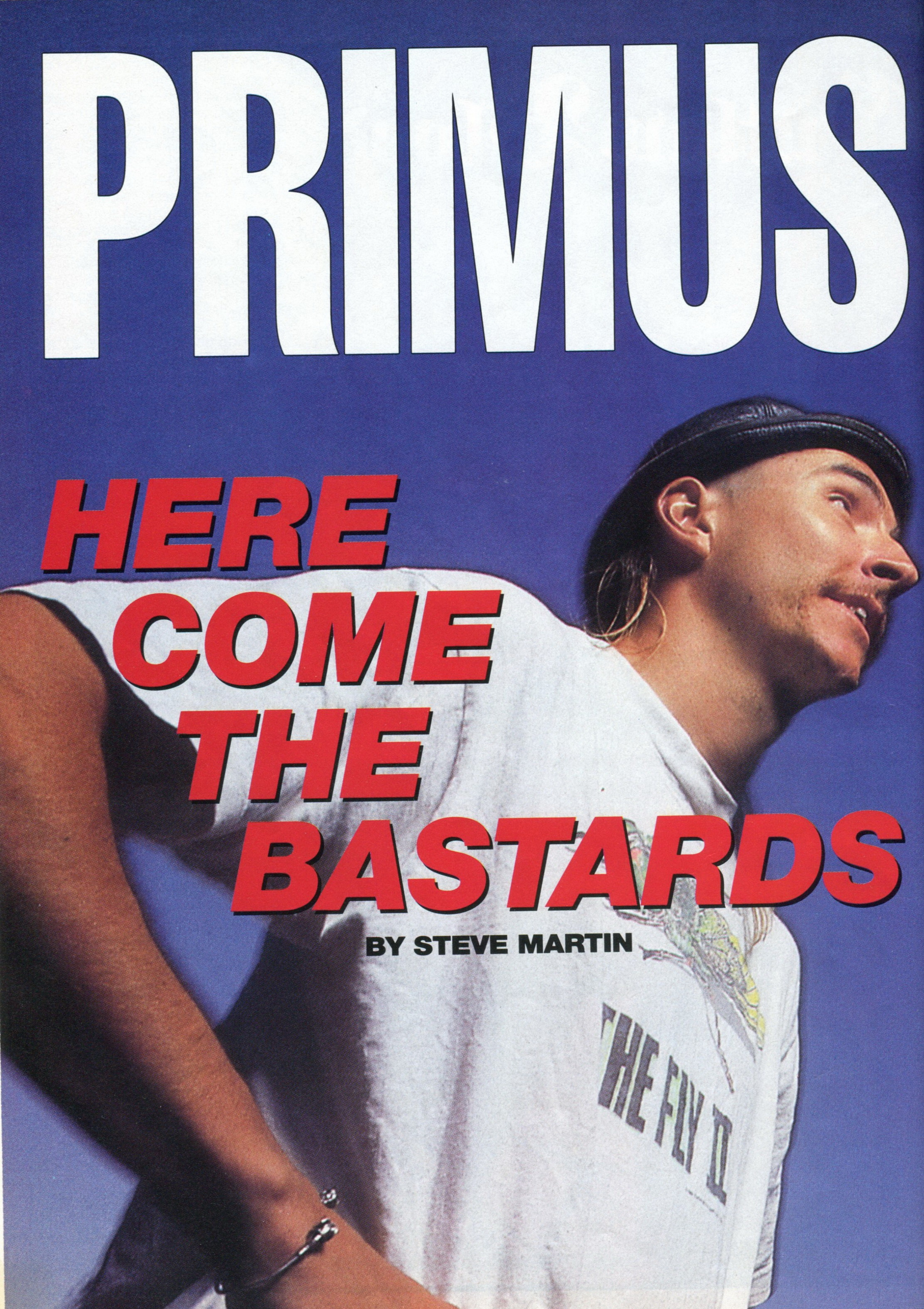
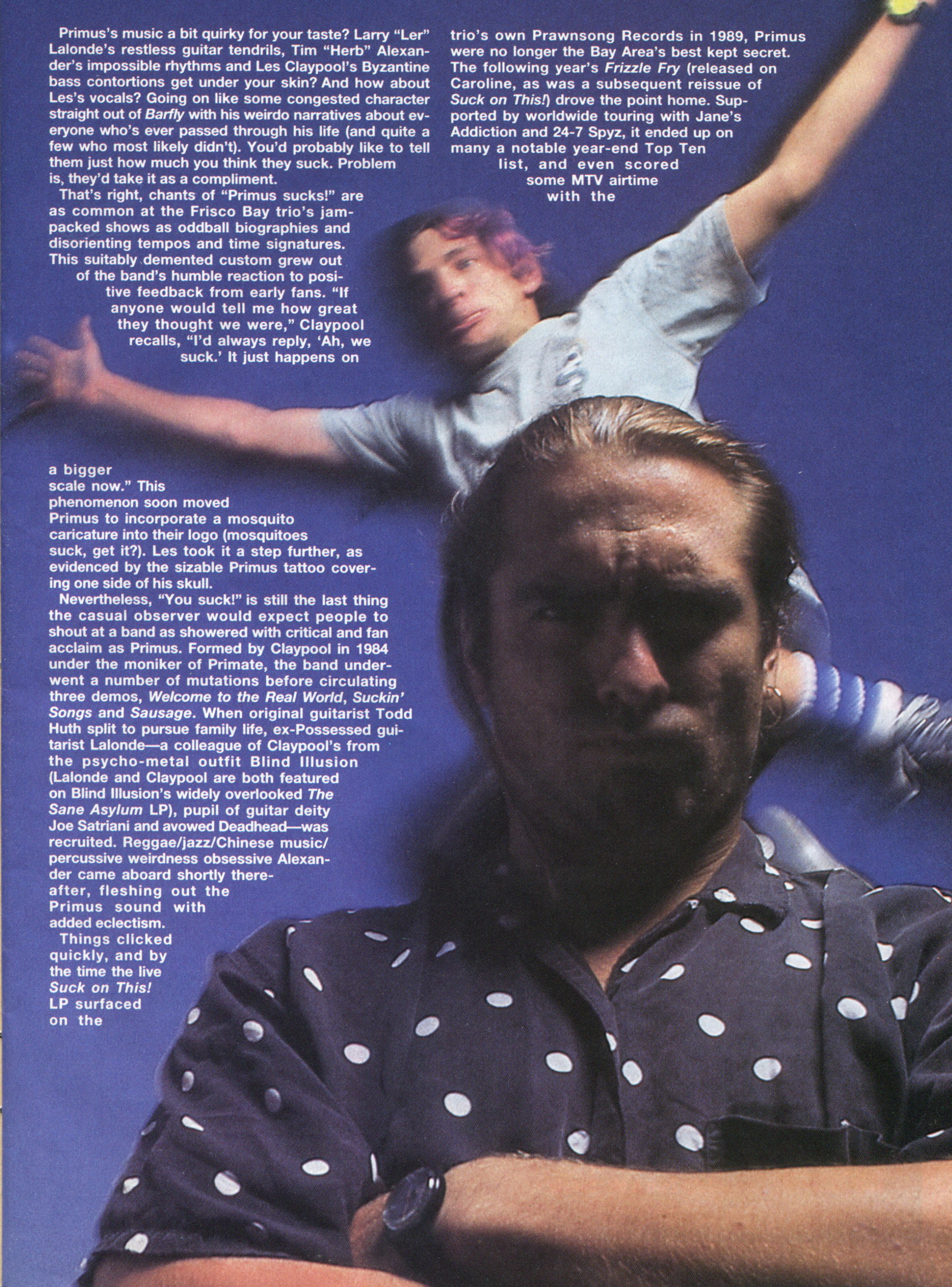
PRIMUS

HERE COME THE BASTARDS

BY STEVE MARTIN





Primus's music a bit quirky for your taste? Larry "Ler" Lalonde's restless guitar tendrils, Tim "Herb" Alexander's impossible rhythms and Les Claypool's Byzantine bass contortions get under your skin? And how about Les's vocals? Going on like some congested character straight out of *Barfly* with his weirdo narratives about everyone who's ever passed through his life (and quite a few who most likely didn't). You'd probably like to tell them just how much you think they suck. Problem is, they'd take it as a compliment.

That's right, chants of "Primus sucks!" are as common at the Frisco Bay trio's jampacked shows as oddball biographies and disorienting tempos and time signatures. This suitably demented custom grew out of the band's humble reaction to positive feedback from early fans. "If anyone would tell me how great they thought we were," Claypool recalls, "I'd always reply, 'Ah, we suck.' It just happens on a bigger scale now." This phenomenon soon moved Primus to incorporate a mosquito caricature into their logo (mosquitoes suck, get it?). Les took it a step further, as evidenced by the sizable Primus tattoo covering one side of his skull.

Nevertheless, "You suck!" is still the last thing the casual observer would expect people to shout at a band as showered with critical and fan acclaim as Primus. Formed by Claypool in 1984 under the moniker of Primate, the band underwent a number of mutations before circulating three demos, *Welcome to the Real World*, *Suckin' Songs* and *Sausage*. When original guitarist Todd Huth split to pursue family life, ex-Possessed guitarist Lalonde—a colleague of Claypool's from the psycho-metal outfit Blind Illusion (Lalonde and Claypool are both featured on Blind Illusion's widely overlooked *The Sane Asylum* LP), pupil of guitar deity Joe Satriani and avowed Deadhead—was recruited. Reggae/jazz/Chinese music/percussive weirdness obsessive Alexander came aboard shortly thereafter, fleshing out the Primus sound with added eclectism.

Things clicked quickly, and by the time the live *Suck on This!* LP surfaced on the trio's own Prawnsong Records in 1989, Primus were no longer the Bay Area's best kept secret. The following year's *Frizzle Fry* (released on Caroline, as was a subsequent reissue of *Suck on This!*) drove the point home. Supported by worldwide touring with Jane's Addiction and 24-7 Spyz, it ended up on many a notable year-end Top Ten list, and even scored some MTV airtime with the cartoon-from-hell-ish "John the Fisherman" video. Now, with the release of *Sailing the Seas of Cheese* on the newly established Time Warner affiliate Interscope Records, Primus are—however cautiously—making that big ole leap into the major leagues.

"We were talking to a lot of people," Les recalls. "Even before we signed with Caroline. We've been very careful about who we've been working with, mainly because the band's been around for so long around here. Six years. In the beginning it was like, 'Oh, god, I wish, I wish....' We got a phone call from PolyGram in the early days, and they said, 'Send us a tape.' I was like, 'Oh, yeah! This is it! Cool!' Then Geffen and Sire wanted a tape, and throughout the years I had these hopes of getting some big, grandiose major label deal. Then I'd seen some of my friends' bands get picked up by major labels and, well.... Our philosophy was just to keep playing, try and build up a good base, work—not to step out of our shoes, so to speak; to be big fish in a little pond.

"I remember when we signed our deal with Interscope," Les continues. "We were at our lawyer's office, and we signed this thing. Then everyone's all like, 'Okay, cool! Are you guys gonna party now?' We're like, 'No.' We just went and did our shit. It was just another stage of the game. I'm not downplaying it at all, either. Interscope is a great company. The coolest thing about Interscope is that it's basically an independent label with all this money and major label distribution. They're new and very personal. We know everybody, everybody's cool, we hang out, and there's not that many bands on the label yet, so we get a lot of attention."

Les and Ler share a house these days, one with a cluttered interior decorating job that mirrors Primus's everything-but-the-kitchen-sink musical philosophy: a collapsed drum set, an obscurely tuned acoustic guitar, Frank Zappa on the CD player, video games on the TV, a collage of day-glo prints of the Fonz opposite a wall plastered with Screamin' Jay Hawkins posters, and a collection of aquatic paraphernalia that includes strings of fish-shaped Christmas lights. "'Scuse the way the house looks," Les offers, arriving late on account of a scuba-diving lesson and comic-apologetically suggesting a Thai dinner consisting largely o —what else?—seafood.

"I've been fishing ever since I was a little kid," the genial author of "John the Fisherman" and "Fish On" later reminisces. "With my parents, my uncle, my grandfather. Me and Ler fixed up my grandfather's boat, and we've been taking it out quite a bit eve since. A lot of the lyrics I write are generall 'Go with what you know.' That's my motto I could never write about Nicaragua, because I've never studied up on it or anything. So that's where all the fishing come from. I've been getting into this diving thin lately. Who knows, maybe I'll come up wit 'Bobby the Diver' or something."

Lest one be entirely misled by the jovia tone of the proceedings thus far, let us contemplate the serious side of Primus. That' right, *Sailing the Seas of Cheese* isn't all bell laffs. On the contrary, it could be considered Primus's most weighty work to date The somber strains of "American Life," fo instance, are accompanied by the meltin pot perspectives of, in turn, a family of Sicilia emigrants, a Laotian refugee and a homeles vet from the South Bronx. "Eleven," "Her Come the Bastards" and "Seas of Chees assail conformity from uncharted angle that the late, lamented punk-rock movement might have eventually explored, had not burned out so instantly. "Sgt. Baker" employs fascistic imagery, including rigid chan of "Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" and "Right! Left!" to illu trate the military's sublimation of individualit and "Is It Luck?" offers up twisted philosophical musings.

Rest assured, *Sailing....* does have its moments of levity. "Grandad's Little Ditty" is a a cappella paean replete with references masturbation and flatulence, while "Los Ba tardos" works samples from the infamou British comedy *The Young Ones* into a endless mega-jam featuring fellow S. scenesters from Faith No More, Junkya and Limbomaniacs (not to mention ex-P mate/Primus-ter Huth). In between tho two extremes—or altogether outside the depending on your perspective—there's th tried-and-true vanguard of the Prim repertoire, the narrative piece. And we've g some rare ones this time out: the first sin and video, "Jerry Was a Race Car Drive the aforementioned "Fish On" and a stu reworking of "Tommy the Cat," featuring t

(continued on page 94)

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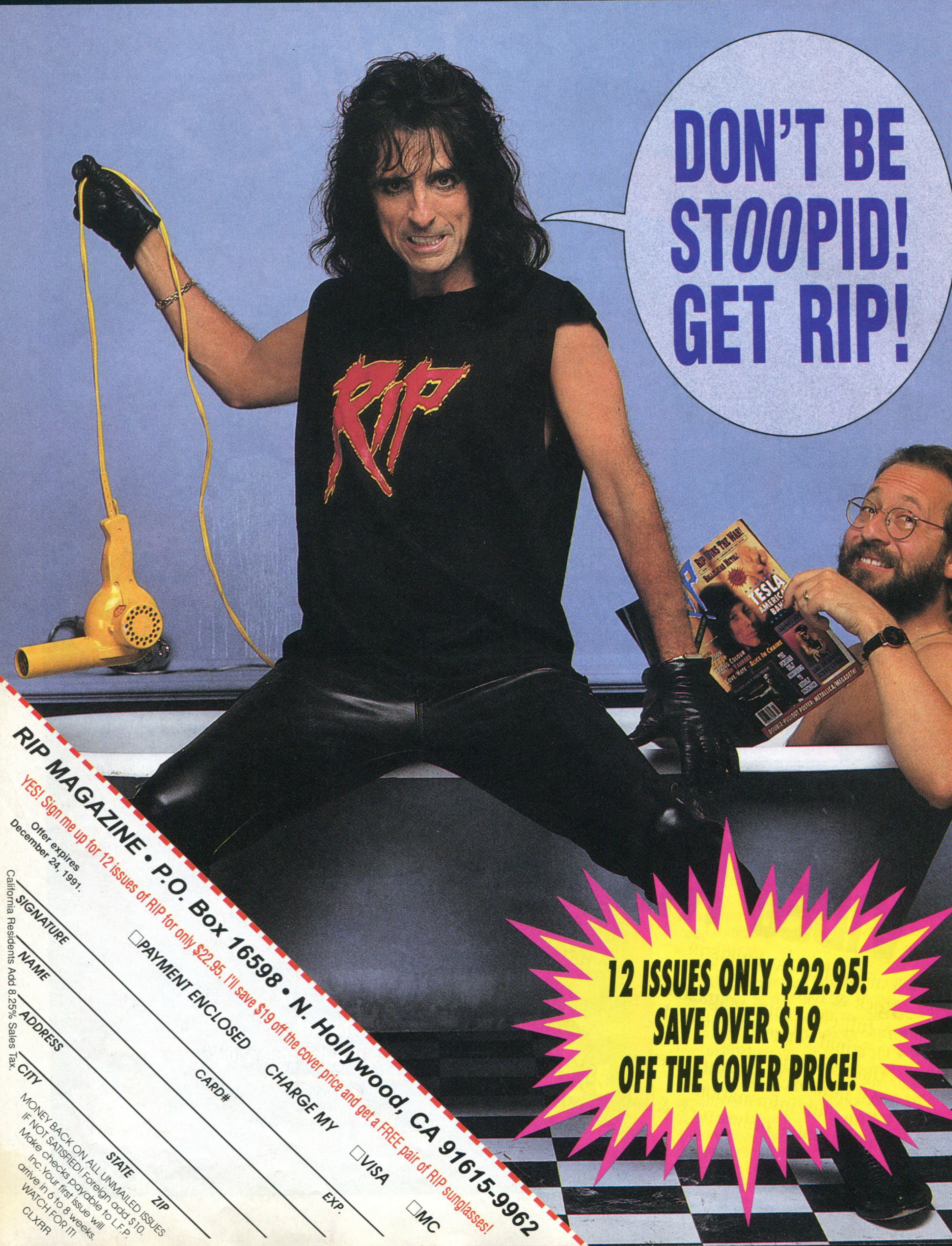
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like the whole quality of the band—or
ereof!"

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neavy sound and in-your-face aggres-
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TYPE O NEGATIVE

Life sucks," says Type O Negative bassist/vocalist/songwriter Peter Steele. "Life is about eating and f?!king. Life is about living from one pleasure to the next, and that's it. People avoid pain at all costs, and they pursue pleasure at all costs. I don't know, it just doesn't seem to be worth it."

Type O Negative is the forum wherein Steele and cohorts Kenny, Josh and Sal indulge deprecatory, resentful and anguished fantasy scenarios of twisted and cuckolded male psyches. If spiritual immolation in the name of love's dreadful underside could be physically distilled, it would undoubtedly take a form not unlike Type O Negative's debut, *Slow, Deep and Hard.* A feminist's nightmare at first glance, the album lives up to its title via the lyrics of endless epics like "Unsuccessfully Coping With the Natural Beauty of Infidelity" (a/k/a "I Know You're F?!king Someone Else") and "Xero Tolerance" (in which Steele takes an axe to an ex), not to mention its ultra-close penetration cover shot. As the former leader of Brooklyn's notorious Carnivore, Steele is no stranger to controversy, and he adamantly denies charges of misogyny and homosexuality leveled in the wake of the LP's release.

"I don't hate women. I just wrote songs about the one or two bad relationships that I had. You can only hate what you once loved. I cared a lot about these women, and I got f?!ked up the ass by them. There was some anger left. Even though I'm doing well now, I still have feelings. I can still get my heart torn out. Other people are saying I'm a faggot because I hate women so much. Let them think what they want. I don't really give a f?!k."

Steele's views on life and love lead to one key question: What keeps the author of lines like "Well, I've got no more reason to live/ And I've got no more love to give" from simply snuffing it? "Fear. Fear of death. I think that's innate. Everybody fears death, because they don't know what comes after it. If and when I ever overcome my fear of death, I will surely die by my own hand. I don't want to live to be 70 or 80 years old, stuck in a wheelchair with somebody having to wipe my ass for me. That's never gonna happen. If I get to the point where either I become a burden to my wife or to society or to my family, then I will have the decency to kill myself."

—Steve Martin

The narrow street in Montgomery, Alabama, is the place this band rehearses, the site where most of their songs were written, and now the headquarters for their studio. During the years the bandmembers spent on the road, earning their chops before getting a record deal, it was their permanent mailing address. Most importantly, it's also the band's namesake and the title of their debut album, *McQueen Street*. But if Lady Luck smiles on these four musicians, McQueen Street could well wind up being the proverbial street paved with gold.

Originally from Miami, Chris and Derek Welsh came from a musical family and would watch their dad practice with his big band. Derek picked up guitar in high school, about the same time Chris started on drums. After playing in separate bands, Derek and Chris hooked up in Montgomery to perform together when Derek was in college.

For five years the brothers played covers at parties, clubs and school functions before connecting with English-born bassist Richard Hatcher. Once they made the decision to go for it and play all originals, Derek resolved to concentrate exclusively on his intense vocals and put down the guitar. "We needed somebody who could really flail," he explains.

That somebody was flash-and-technique player and Maine native Michael Powers, who had just quit another regional Southern band. In the wee hours at an all-night grocery store, Chris and Michael ran into each other. The next day Michael came down to band practice. "Michael blew me right in the dirt!" says Derek. At the rehearsal hall on McQueen Street, McQueen Street—the band—was born.

"We had a good idea of what we wanted," says Derek, "a heavy sound, but songs you could remember...blood-and-guts, sweaty, balls-to-the-wall, loud rock 'n' roll!" Within two weeks McQueen Street hit the road and slowly weeded out covers—by falsely assuring clubowners that their originals were songs by AC/DC or Motley Crue!

McQueen Street made an LP's worth of material to sell at gigs and shop as a demo, a tape that landed their recording contract. Their self-titled SBK album includes the cut "My Religion," a statement about hypocrisy and those who misuse power or condemn others. Making a special guest appearance on the "Two Worlds" track is ace guitarist Steve Stevens, and "Woman in Love" is a sarcastic knock at the "Hey-I'm-a-rock-star" attitude. The band's infectious "When I'm in the Mood," says Derek, will make you want to "get in the car and get a speeding ticket!" You can start your engine revvin' on McQueen Street.

—*Laurel Fishman*

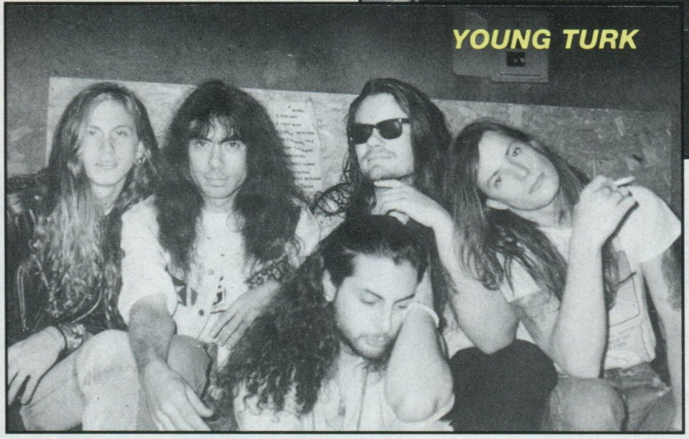
McQUEEN STREET

BUZZ....

Edited by
Shari Sloane and
Katherine Turman

Hey! Pay attention, all you headbangers. It's time for a crucial news update. In this month's Buzz.... it's my pleasure to introduce our new West Coast Editor, Katherine Turman. She's a longtime RIP contributor and music-biz insider. I'll be scouring the streets in the East for hot new bands, as I've relocated for an unspecified period of time to Nashville, Tennessee, one of the fastest-growing rock communities in the country. All mail for myself and Katherine should continue to be sent to the RIP offices, and should be addressed to the person for whom it's intended. Please include a current cassette, bio and 8x10 when submitting material. Keep on keepin' on.

RUINED


YOUNG TURK

WEST COAST:

I'm excited to be joining Shari on this page, and since I'm hitting the Hollywood clubs with alarming frequency, I'm gonna be able to bring you the buzz on cool bands playing L.A. and elsewhere on the western side of the U.S.... A recent Club Lingerie show in Hollywood found A&R reps from ATCO, Mercury and Capitol checking out the swirling, psychedelic sounds of **Rain On Fire**, who recently inked a publishing deal with Virgin Music. Also on that bill were **East Of Gideon**, **She Died** and **Soul**, three up 'n' comers garnering quite a bit of attention.... Though currently residing in the Big Apple, former Angelenos **Electric Angels** blew into L.A. for some showcase gigs at the Coconut Teaszer. On the same bill were recent Geffen signees **The Freewheelers**, who were joined onstage for one number by none other than Gregg Allman. Other surprise guests who've popped up at that Sunset Boulevard nightspot include Tyla from Dogs D'Amour and the London Quireboys.... L.A.-based but Southern-fried are **Saddletramp**, who recently finished up their demo.... **Spiders & Snakes**, featuring Lizzie Grey, are working on an upcoming album to be produced by Runaways discoverer Kim Fowley.... A band by the name of **L.S.D.** (that's Life, Sex & Death, folks) have been wowing 'em on the Sunset Strip, though some call lead singer/street person Stanley "offensive" .... Speaking of offensive (just kidding, guys!) the unaptly named **Dead And Bloated** (they're neither) have just released their debut LP, *You Don't*, on the Caroline-distributed Colossal label .... Former Little Caesar guitarist Apache has left that lineup and is now playing 'round L.A. in the group **Bombs Away**.... If you like your tunes on the dark 'n' heavy side, **Ruined** is the band for you! Their *Eternal Damnation* demo is strong, and the band has been playing around the Southland with the Palm Springs-based **Sons Of Kyuss**.... Still on that heavy thang, a serious contender for a record deal are **Dead, White & Blue**, a trio featuring a coupla former punkers with a powerful '90s aggression.... The band **Aces & Eights**, whose song "Black Roses" was featured on radio station KNAC's *Son of Pure Rock* album, have re-formed and are gigging around.... Finally, here's a hot scoop for all you fans of local sounds: Big Time Distributors is a company selling CDs and cassettes of L.A.'s best unsigned rock and street bands. Included in their catalog are such personal faves as **Trip Trigger**, **Sam Mann And Thee Apes**, **Watching Alice** and **Rude Awakening**. All cassettes and LPs are $7.98, while CDs are $9.98 each. Send for your catalog by writing to Big Time Distributors at 844-A Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 708, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

DOWN SOUTH:

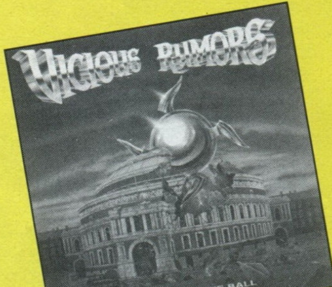
The rednecks in **Lord Tracy** have been given a permanent vacation from MCA Records afte the release of their debut, *Dea Godz of Babylon*. Nevertheless they have been kicking up a lot dust on the road. Guess they be joining Jetboy, Manitoba Wild Kingdom, Cold Swea A&R rep Bret Hartman and host of other former MCA-ers the unemployment line!

EAST COAST:

Chicago's Red Light Record has just signed and released th debut album by New York **Scarecrow**, featuring two fo mer members of the New Yor based Swift Kick.... **Roadkil** based in Tampa, Florida, are enjoying great sales of their dem *Call It What You Wilt*, in Europ and the States. All this action certainly due in part to their recent tour with Roadracer record ing artists Exhorder. You ca drop the guys in Roadkill a lin at 7103 Hollowell Drive, Tampa FL 33634.... Miami boys **Youn Turk** are looking forward to th release of their major-label debu on Geffen Records.... Get read to check out the new compilation, *Blood Feast*, produced b Scott Burns and out on Kraz Records. The roster includes Boston's **Wrecking Crew**, **Meatlocker** from Lake Worth, Florida **Crypt** from Muskegon, Michigan and **Mutilation** out of Rocklan County, New York.... **Scarlet Fever** are in the process of shopping their new record to the majo labels. Dean Davidson coproduced the record, and Blackeye Susan guitarist Tony Santor helped out on guitar.

VICIOUS RUMORS

EVERYTHING THEY SAY IS TRUE.



Welcome To The Ball

VICIOUS RUMORS is back with 11 crushing new songs featuring the dual guitar attack of Geoff Thorpe and Mark McGee. Includes the tracks "Raise Your Hands," "Abandoned" and "Children."

PRODUCED BY MICHAEL ROSEN AND GEOFF THORPE. ASSISTED BY MARK McGEE.
WORLDWIDE MANAGEMENT: BOB ZEMSKY/ R.Z. MANAGEMENT INC.

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Strange And Beautiful

CRIMSON GLORY
strange and beautiful

CRIMSON GLORY

The Florida-based quartet's wicked and wonderful Atlantic debut features the tracks "Promise Land" and "Strange And Beautiful."

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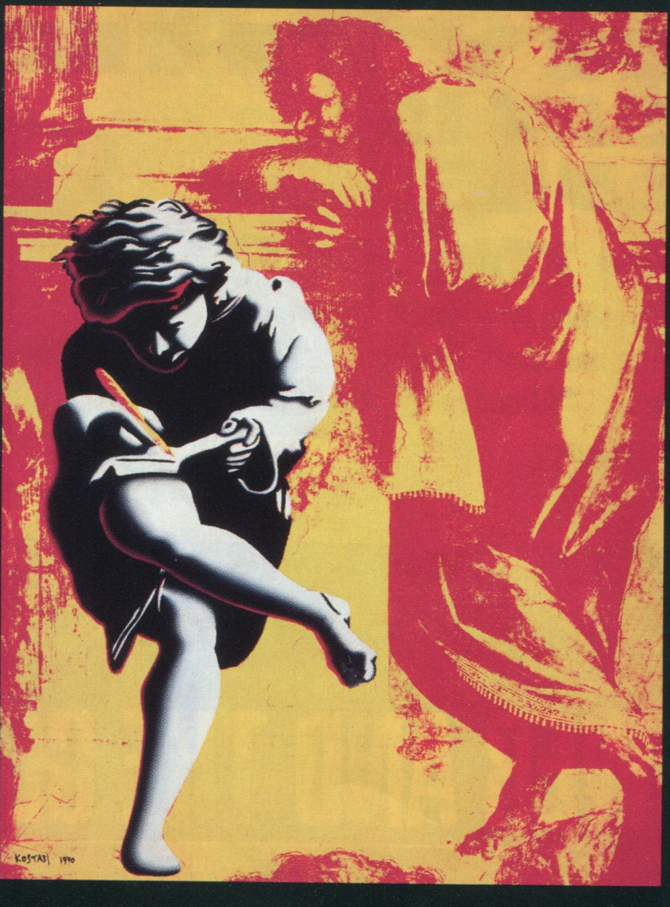

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RUTH OR LIES? REALITY OR ILLUSION?

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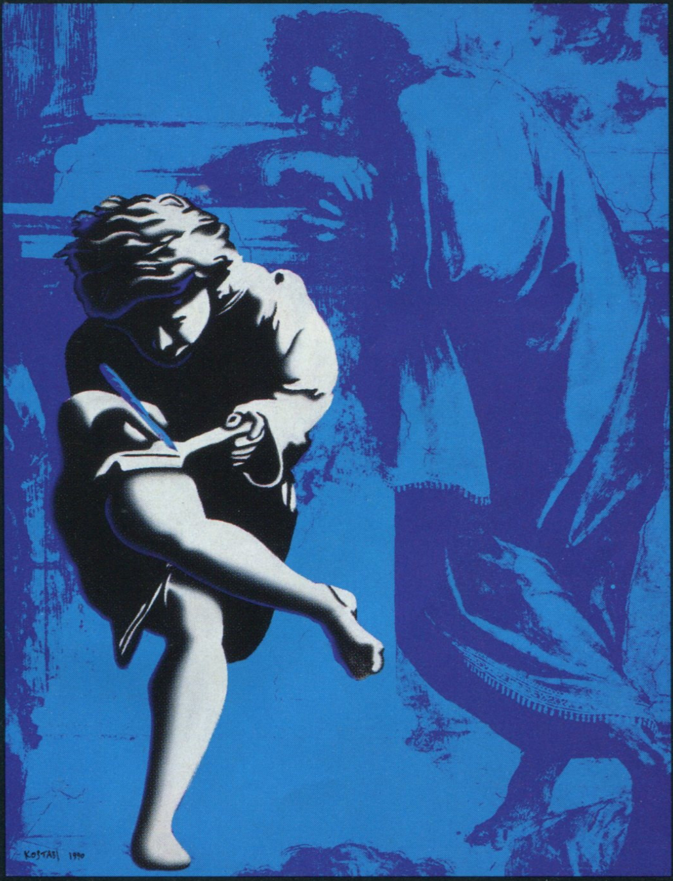

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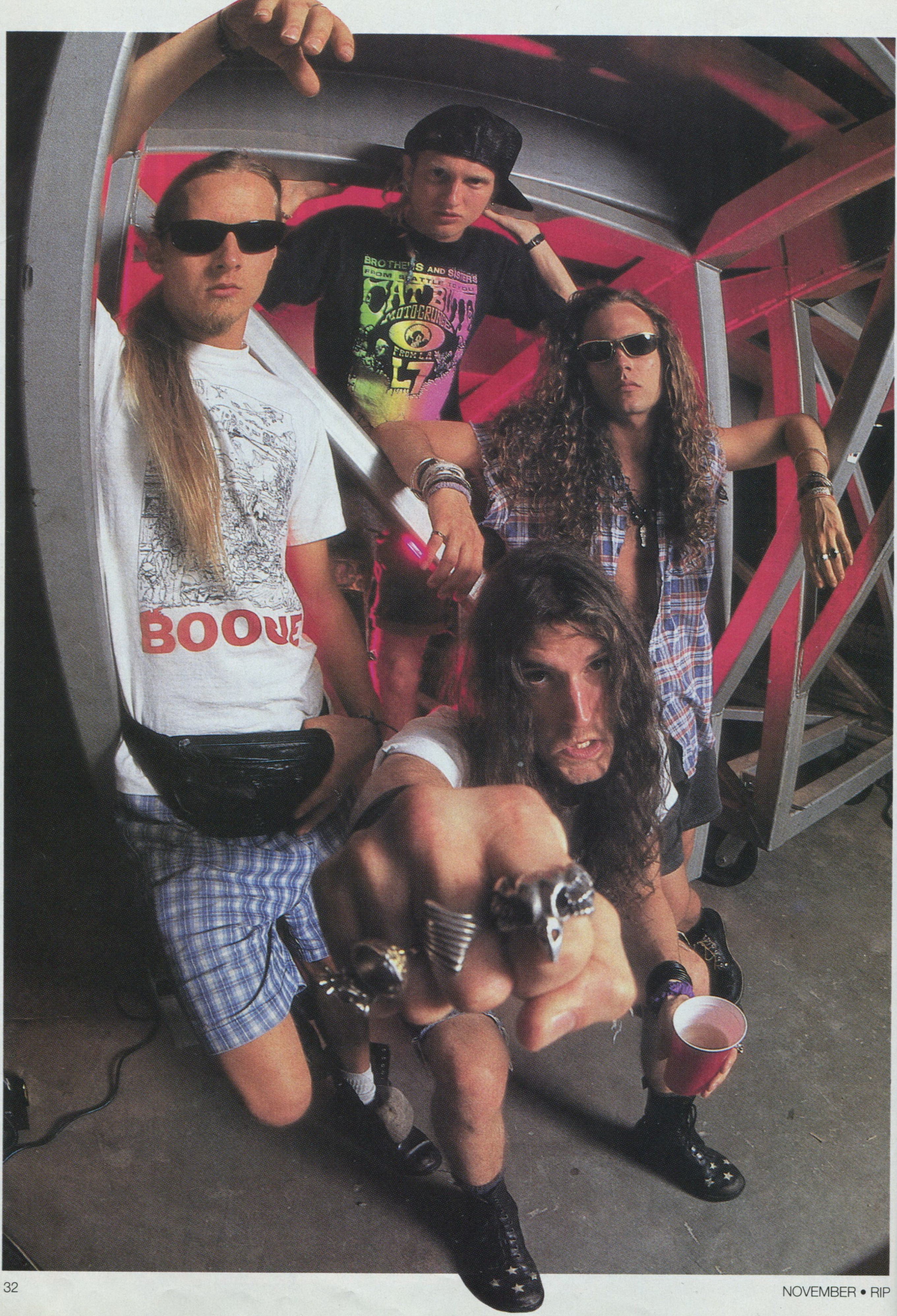
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ALICE IN CHAINS GERONIMO!

BY JENNIFER CLAY

"This is no dream, and there's no going back!" The deep voice of the announcer on Alice In Chains' *Live Facelift* video kept running through my head. It *wasn't* a dream, and I wasn't going to Wonderland with Alice. The plan was simple: Do the Southwest in two nights with A.I.C. as they opened for the Clash Of The Titans tour. But my schedule (and plane tickets) were thrown out the window, and I wound up tagging along with the Seattle band for four days and discovering that they are a combination of the Musketeers, the Mousketeers and the Stooges!

My first adventure was on the tour bus in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Bassman Mike Starr asked if I wanted to watch a video that a Megadeth crewmember was going to screen. Most of Alice In Chains and Megadeth hadn't seen it, and we were all in for a disgusting surprise when the infamous and sordid *Nick the Pig* started rolling. Let's just say the story (if you can call it that) involved two girls, a pony, two dogs and Nick the pig. Some of the guys laughed uncomfortably, while others smiled with enjoyment ...or was it embarrassment? Alice singer Layne Staley looked like he would be more than willing to give up his front row seat. Luckily Mike and I departed before Nick made his appearance. Whew!

Mark Leialoha

There wasn't much to do before the band's set began. Mike drank a beer, guitarist Jerry Cantrell stretched his fresh strings, and Layne and drummer Sean Kinney did a bit of wandering and fruit and potato chip sampling. The guys got a reality check as they watched the other three bands on the bill (Slayer, Anthrax and Megadeth, for the brain dead among you) pose for a group Titans photo.

"It's lame," Layne said.

"But it's to be expected," Jerry added.

"The Clash Of The Titans, it's like a big deal to all of these bands playing together," Layne continued. "There's definitely competition between them, but there's none with us. We don't really fit in with the name Clash Of The Titans. We don't clash with any of them."

"But we *are* on tour. We are working just as hard as they are," Jerry said.

Their sets were short (just 30 minutes), which didn't allow them much time to prove they kick butt just as hard as the heavy metalers. And the early hour of seven p.m. also meant that many fans were still in line outside, waiting to be frisked. That night a few dudes booed, more banged their heads and waved their fists, but the majority stood with their arms folded, unsure if Alice was "cool." They are! Their slightly demented, certainly grungy and indubitably heavy music is great to wobble your neck to. If the sometimes less-than-enthusiastic reception bothered the band, they never let on. Throughout the tour, whether it was five guys bouncing up front (Pacific Amphitheatre, California) or a whirling tornado of moshing dudes (Tingley Coliseum, New Mexico), Alice played just as hard.

The one new song, "Would," about late Mother Love Bone vocalist Andrew Wood, was easily as intense as the more familiar tunes from *Facelift*. Whether on the popular "Man in the Box" or the heavy "Bleed the Freak" and "Real Thing," Layne's haunting, ominous voice is riveting. One moment he's twirling his few remaining dreadlocks so furiously it looks like an epileptic octopus is attacking him, then he's crouching on top of the monitors like a panther about to strike. Jerry, quiet and unassuming offstage, transforms into a blur of flying blond hair when you toss him in front of a crowd. Add the hard-hitting rhythm section, and there's no stopping Alice.

Post-gig, it was time to party. There were two rules: Keep it cool around Layne, since he's recently sober, and no hard alcohol, because the boys get too wild. Still, while Mike and I were checking out the lights of Albuquerque from the coliseum's roof, Jerry was drinking (and drinking hard) with Slayer. The occasional buxom babe emerged from the back of the bus—at least one in the four nights I was there—but nothing nearly as sordid as *Nick the Pig*. Because of Jerry's determination to continue partying, he informed us he was riding to Phoenix with Slayer. It wasn't until 1:30 a.m., while en route, that Mike noticed Jerry lying naked in Sean's bunk! Sean grudgingly crawled into Jerry's quarters, because no one was in the mood to move the sleeping nudist.

Despite the previous night's beer bongs, Jerry was the first one out at the hotel pool the next morning to soak up some Phoenix rays. Mike was also in search of a healthy glow, but Layne, well, he looked a little like a tomato after a bout with the New Mexico sun, so he passed. Sean, a/k/a Beet Root, was trying to get on the bus.

"We're locked out of the bus. Again. I'm not liking this. I have to get our poo-poo undie hamper. We have two hampers on the bus, one for normal clothes and one for socks and poo-poo undies," he informed me.

We moved indoors for a chat before the band headed off to their first in-store appearance. Four sunburned Seattle boys in one room leads to a hectic interview. Directions change fast, but the conversation is usually funny, always interesting and sometimes serious.

"You seem a bit more mellow," I asked, "or is it the sun?"

"I think it's like the lifetime kid's dream to live out sex, free drugs, free sex [sex twice?] and rock 'n' roll, you know," Layne said. "That's done. We've lived through it. Now, what's next? I'm tired of all that. I'm looking for something else to excite me."

"You just started, and you're tired of it already?" I asked.

"Yeah. It wasn't as cool as I expected it to be."

"It's cool to a point, but if you do anything too much, it gets old fast," Jerry added.

"Rock 'n' roll is cool and everything, but playing the rock 'n' roll game isn't," Layne continued. "It's bullshit. A drag."

"So you wised up quicker than many?" I probed.

"A lot of bands that are still doing that just never wise up, because their brains are clouded from drinking 24 hours a day," Layne replied. "They're in that mode. You don't really know you're suffering. You're going downhill real quick, and you can't see."

"Why did you quit the drinking and drugs?" I asked.

"Because I've

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been chasing the perfect high for ten years and never found it," Layne answered. "I think I should have found it in ten years, but I didn't, so I'm going to try sobriety for the first time. I haven't been sober in ten years. It's too chaotic. Little problems seem like big problems when you're drinking and drugging every day. When you're sober, all those little problems go away."

"Being around it isn't hard?" I wanted to know.

"There's times, but not really," Layne responded.

"If anything, it's probably a good example for us," Jerry said. Everyone laughed and agreed.

"Yeah, really, seeing everyone else drunk and stoned like idiots," Layne said.

"And lying in their bunk naked?" I added. More laughter followed.

"Did you write when you were drunk or high?" I asked.

"When I was high, yeah," Layne said. "That was one thing I thought I might suffer from, because I always wrote when I was looped. I thought, *Wow, maybe my songs will be mellower or nicer*. But I've still got enough pissed-off, pent-up frustrations and violent energy inside of me. In fact, I've been writing ten times more."

The phone rang, interrupting our talk. Alice's tour manager instructed me to put on MTV because the "Man in the Box" video was on. This was the first time the guys had seen it on anything but *Headbangers Ball*. And it was followed by Don Henley! How very normal! That switched the conversation to commercial music and, eventually, Nelson.

Mike's views on Nelson: "Girls think they're good looking. I think guys like Bon Jovi, the singer from Skid Row, David Lee Roth—those guys are cool looking. Not those two dorks with f?!king blond hair. Those guys are the ugliest dudes in the world. They are so ugly. They look like mutants. They do, man. Print that. I hate 'em."

"I love them. Take that back. Nelson rocks," Layne retorted with a laugh.

"I've never actually heard one of their songs all the way through," Sean added. "I've always found myself changing the channel. I see them everywhere. *Circus* magazine, when we were at the store over there, the whole top of it says, 'Nelson Is a Real Band!' There are so many fake bands now, they have to print that."

"I feel the most suicidal after watching a Nelson video," Layne proclaimed. "Isn't that weird? I could just pin that on them. Commit suicide, and say there were backward messages on Nelson songs. 'This is for Gunnar!' "

So much for a serious interview.

The show in Phoenix proved to be much the same as Albuquerque: a great performance from Alice and mediocre audience response. Talk after the show centered on the next morning's activity—skydiving with Dave Mustaine! Not wanting to miss out, I cancelled my plane tickets and found myself happily continuing on the road with Alice. All were anxious to depart and drinking less in anticipation of the next morning—all except Sean, who ended up drinking enough for all of us and jumping something else in a San Diego hotel room.

At 8:30 a.m. we picked Megadeth singer Mustaine up at his hotel in San Diego and headed out to The Perris Valley Skydiving Center in Perris, California. It was to be Jerry's, Mike's, Layne's and my first jump, and Dave's seventeenth. The closer we got, the quieter and more nervous everyone was.

The jump site wasn't much to look at: a few trailers, a few planes, a snack bar, a pool, and guys walking around in jumpsuits, wearing strange contraptions. The fees were graciously paid by Dave, our skydiving veteran. The scariest part came next: signing the numerous pages of waivers, watching a video explaining how the school was not liable for any accidents, and reading a statement of understanding into a camera. Since we were to jump tandem—with an instructor attached to our backs—the instruction took less than two hours. It was an introspective time. Everyone was quiet, deep in thought. Nervous laughter and comments like, "I can't believe I'm doing this," "I'm so excited," and "I'm so nervous," occasionally broke the silence.

After being outfitted in jumpsuits and harnesses, removing our earrings and braiding our hair, we loaded into the plane with ou tandem partners in two rows, like kids waiting in the cafeteria lunch line. The plane was crowded and hot, and the ride to 12,500 feet our jumping altitude, seemed to take ages—plenty of time to get nervous.

But not time enough! It happened so quickly Harnesses attached, goggles and caps secured, each duo waddled to the open doo knelt down and jumped out! Carpe diem! Th sensation of air hitting your face as you'r falling approximately 120 m.p.h. is somewha like being on a motorcycle at the same speed but there is nothing between you and th ground below—nothing except air that you'r quickly falling through! Rip cords were pulle at 5,000 feet (Layne said he was so excited he forgot to check his altimeter and pulle his around 4,500 feet). A small jerk, and the quiet. Miles of hills, water, houses and valley to see. Brightly colored parachutes with bodies dangling from them floated through th sky. Alice was unchained. Set free! Surrounded by silence and peace. Until our feet hit th ground, that is. Then it was dumfounded, unexplainable pleasure. Layne's eyes looked lik huge saucers. Mike screamed with excitement. Jerry smiled a huge smile. Everyon wanted to jump again. It was a bonding experience instigated by Dave Mustaine, wh said the first jump is something like your fir sexual experience: You're not sure what do. You're scared. You're not that good. B you know you like it!

Layne said he'd finally found the perfe high he'd spent ten years looking for. His reaction was reiterated by all: "F?!king insan Crazy. Awesome. That's all I can say. Wo that's crazy. Wow, that's awesome."

Layne said he was overly excited. "I wasn scared jumping out of the plane. I though would be. When I looked, I said, 'Well, I' going to do it; there's no use being scared.'

"The one first breath, after that I was fine Jerry added.

And why would Alice suddenly want to something as crazy as this? The blame (

(continued on page 94)

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BATON ROUGE

THE SOUND OF THE NEW SOUTH

By Adrianne Stone

Poor Kelly Keeling. The singer had such a boring youth, the most exciting event he can cite is a natural disaster. "We had hurricanes twice a year. In Louisiana, it's very exciting, because there's nothing else there. It's at least something!"

Well, maybe he exaggerates a bit, but growing up in Lafayette was about as action-packed as a worm race, to hear him tell it. "If you don't like Cajun music and French music too much, that's all there is there."

The solution to his entertainment dilemma? "We'd go to Baton Rouge. It was only about 20 minutes away, so everybody would go there and hang out." Hence, the name of the band he would go on to form with guitarist buddy Lance Bulen.

With a new album, Lights Out on the Playground *(EastWest Records), Kelly and Lance have a heckuva lot more to talk about than watching twisters tear up their town. Calling from the Florida hotel room they're sharing, the two friends discuss their origins as hometown boys made good (with band brethren Corky McClellan on drums, Scott Bender on bass and Tony Palmucci on lead and rhythm guitar).*

RIP: What's so special about Baton Rouge that you would actually name your band after it?

KELLY: It's a real party town. Back about five years ago there were at least five different clubs that were really happenin'. There were tons of bands, but it was all cover music. You had to play music by the Scorpions or whatever the kids wanted to hear at the time. "Play Lynyrd Skynyrd!" They didn't accept original music at all, so that's why we had to leave.

LANCE: There was a time when things were great, and you played covers and snuck in your own stuff. But when the drinking age went up, clubs started closing because they didn't pull in a crowd. When Kelly and I came out in a band called Voices, the market just wasn't ready for an all-original band to go through. We packed up all our stuff and moved to L.A.

RIP: Was it culture shock for you?

LANCE: Yeah, it was great. Trying to reestablish a base was hard for us to do, because we went out there with a whole band and crew, and there was 12 of us sharing a condo. We didn't have much money, so we had to do some odd-job stuff in the beginning. When we finally found management [Jim Recor], they really helped us out and supported us through the rough times. Not that we had much money when we were in Louisiana, but it was hard to adjust to not having money and trying to just keep going. You gotta keep your faith up and your focus when you're going from one place to another, and a lot of people just fall apart and can't. But the two of us stuck together. We changed members along the way, because some of them just couldn't take the wait, and they had to move on.

KELLY: It was hard for us to replace some of them. We listened to a lot of people. David Foster, who was our executive producer on our first tape, told us to lose our drummer. He was, like, our best friend, so that was hard to do. Our manager told us, "You write good songs. Don't get lost in this stupid club scene like everybody else does." So we kept writing songs and got together with Mike Clink [Guns N' Roses] to work on the album. At the time Lance was singing, and I was the guitar player, keyboard player, and I did background vocals. I was only supposed to do lead on one song, and Mike Clink said I should sing lead permanently.

RIP: Wasn't that upsetting for you, Lance?

LANCE: Well, naturally, I was crushed. But I got over it after a while, because I'm still writing the songs, I'm still performing, I'm still doing what I love to do, and I'm still singing, because everybody sings in the band.

RIP: There's so much talent between the two of you. What are your musical backgrounds?

KELLY: I was always around music, because my dad's a musician I used to go to see the soundchecks and stuff. For years I was a guitar player and keyboard player in different bands. I played bass in different bands and sang in one. It was for fun; we really didn't play much. But I knew I could sing since I was a kid. When I was with my dad once, when I was about five years old, I did a tape for my grandmother; and if I listen to it today, I was in key and could really sing.

LANCE: My dad played trumpet, and my mother played piano. I used to hang out in the street so much that my dad had to figure out a way to get me off the street. We had moved to a city where there were a lot of musicians, and I started really getting into it. He noticed that and bought me a guitar at a pawnshop. I just started playing it and, sure enough, I stayed inside more. Then he bought me another guitar, and then I had, like, seven guitars when I was just a little kid! He'd spend his little extra money to get me these guitars from pawnshops. I wound up learning a lot off the musicians in the street. I never really got into the jazz thing in Louisiana, but I used to hang out in the French Quarter and watch them. It's really strange that a lot of people don't even care about it when they're living right there. You take it for granted. But when I think about it, I say, "If I could have done it more and more and more, I'd *really* be blues-influenced." I do have a little blues in me, because I grew up listening to Led Zeppelin and Aerosmith, which are both bluesy. They got a lot of their feeling from Louisiana-type music. So it's all kind of intertwined. Some people say we have a little Zeppelin feel to our record too. Especially on songs like "Hotter Than Hell," which is a very bluesy song that we normally play in our set.

RIP: You've been touring a lot. How have the reactions been?

KELLY: It's great. The last record [*Shake Your Soul*] was still a new record, and not too many people knew it. It's been a year now, and the new record is out, so they know who we are, and they go out and buy it. It's easier on your second record. Now there's more people at the shows, and it's pretty packed. We played a summerfest somewhere, and there were about 20,000 people there. They all knew "Walks Like a Woman" and "Doctor," because they were playing those songs on the radio a lot there. They didn't really know who Baton Rouge was, but when those songs came up, they just flipped. "*That's* who they are!" And they all sang along. I was kind of ruined, because it was the end of the tour, so I gave them the mic and let 'em sing. "Help me out, guys!"

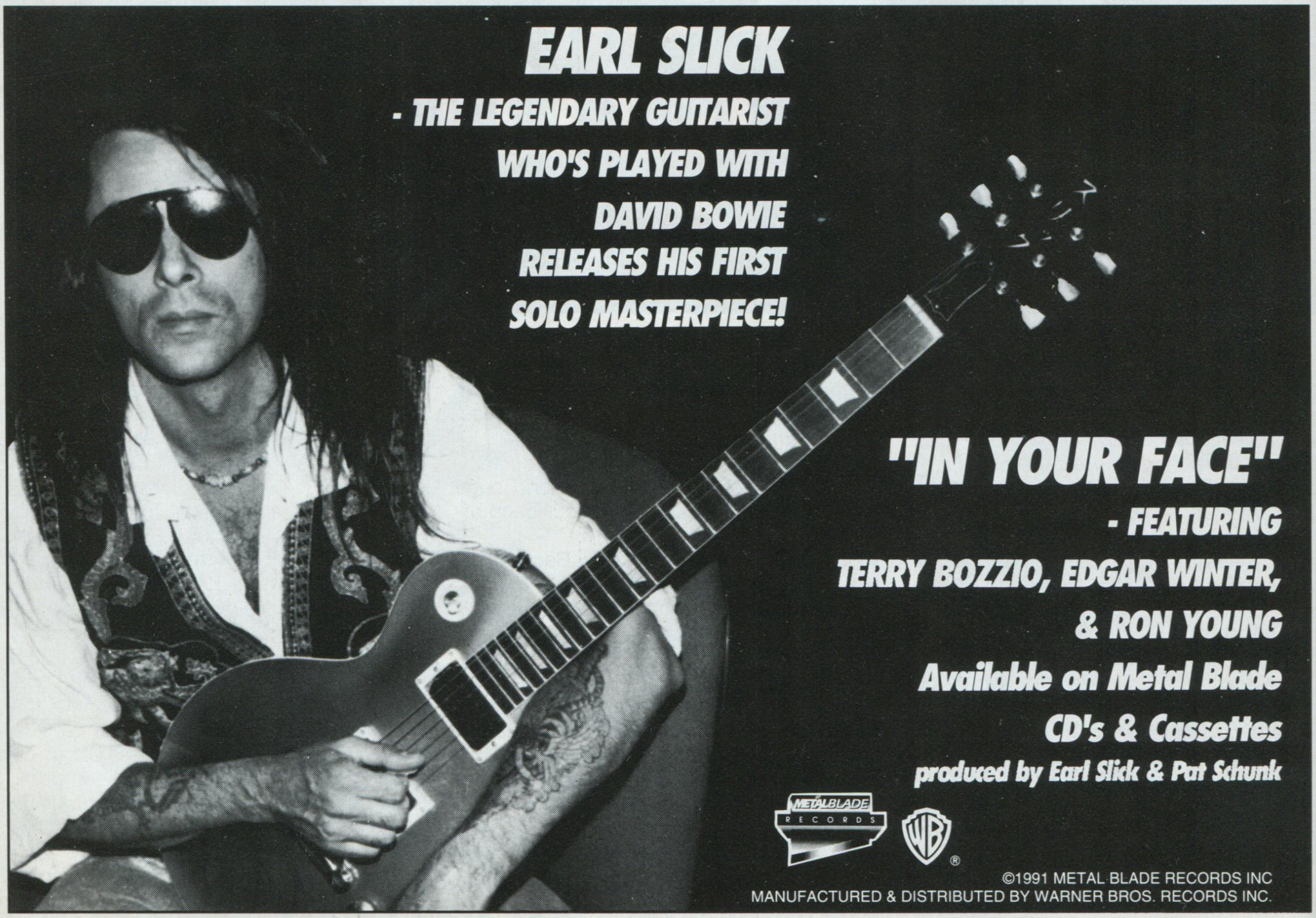
RIP: Any horrible shows?

KELLY: Checks, in L.A. It was awful. It was Spinal Tap all the way. We didn't have a dressing room, we didn't have a bus, the dressing room was a bathroom, it was wet on the bottom, and it was nasty, and the place smelled, and there was no PA, and only ten people showed up. But we love touring. I could stay on the road forever. We've done 15 days on the road without a break, and even when we'd get tired, around the 11th or 12th day, once you get onstage, you come alive. Your whole inner being comes alive! That's what it's about. Do I want to take a day off? No! I get bored.

RIP: So what do you do on those rare days when you *do* get a day off?

KELLY: I go fishing and drive convertibles to the beach. Fishing is good in the swamps in Louisiana. There's bass, perch, alligators. Alligator meat is really good. And there's crawfish ponds. You go in with some old muddy shoes and old dirty clothes and pick them up and throw them in a sack.

(continued on page 93)



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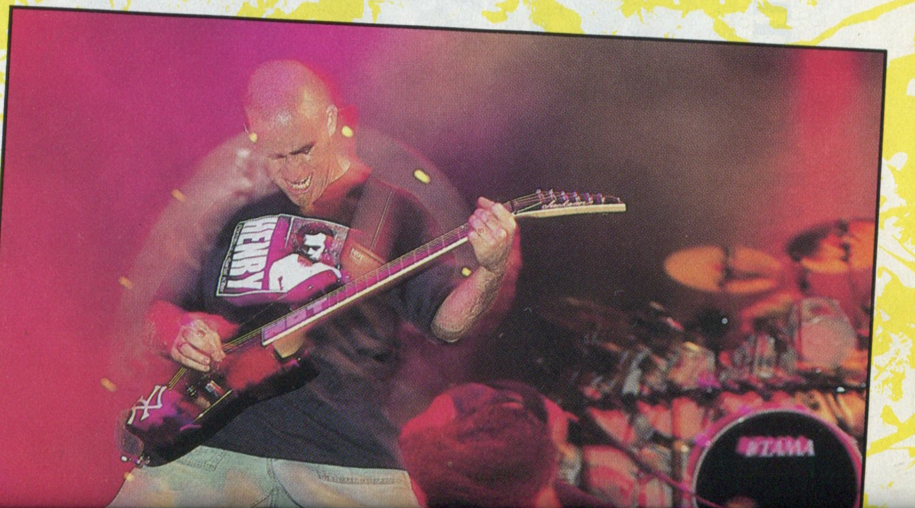
RIP

Glen LaFerman

Remember last year when Capitol Records did a stupid thing by dropping **Thunder**? The label's eating crow now, because Geffen picked up the quintet, rereleased their record and wound up with a hit. Well, Geffen/DGC now risks standing in Capitol's shoes, because it has dropped its most exciting new band, **The Throbs**. "It was really unfair, 'cause we didn't even get a crack at it," fumes guitarist Roger Ericson. "It sucks," agrees frontman Sweetheart with a resigned sigh, "but they weren't working the record anyway." According to Geffen sources, however, the group was "incredibly disrespectful, had shitty attitudes and refused to help themselves." The guys aren't going to let this unfortunate turn of events stop them, however. Tour dates are in the works, with showcase gigs scheduled for Los Angeles. We at RIP think another label should rerelease the Throbs' excellent album, *The Language of Thieves and Vagabonds*; failing that, though, Roger says the band is "writing some very hard, angry new songs."

Rick Gould/ICP

Did **Guns N' Roses** cost the **Clash Of The Titans** a gig? Well, according to Anthrax mosh-master Scott Ian, that's exactly what happened. "Guns N' Roses played Hershey Park in Hershey, Pennsylvania, the week before the Clash tour was to play the same venue," explained Ian. "Guns went on so late—like, past 11:00 p.m., which put them into curfew overtime already—that the venue lost their license. So our show was canceled. As far as I see it, Axl Rose owes us [Anthrax] $20,000." With a giggle, Scott then asked RIP editor Lonn Friend if he could score him a pair of tickets for GN'R's Pacific Amphitheatre show. "Okay, they cost me money, but that doesn't mean I don't wanna see them play."



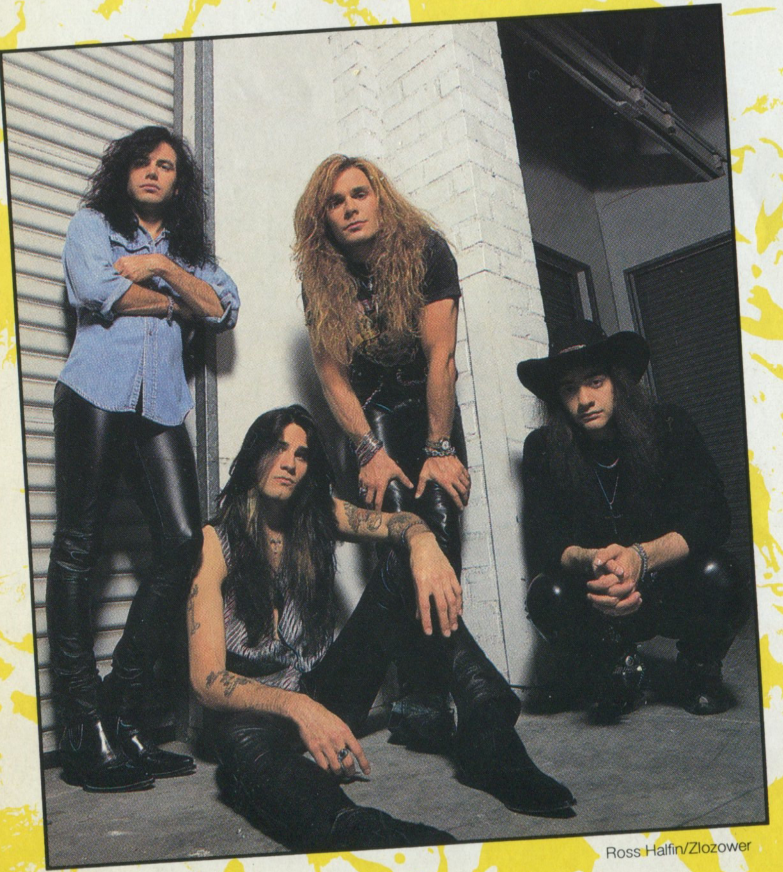
Gene Ambo

RAP

MSG/Contraband shredder **Michael Schenker** performed a feat most rockers would find impossible to undertake: He went on a hunger strike for 14 days! Apparently, after failing to solicit help from his metal-playing peers (Schenker wanted to throw a benefit concert for world hunger, but couldn't put the gig together), the blond axeman took matters of conscience into his own hands and stopped eating...for two weeks. A noble gesture, Mr. S., and definitely food for thought.

"We have *our* shit together, and the band is definitely intact," blurted **Ratt** drummer Bobby Blotzer, who was somewhat taken aback by an item printed here a couple months ago that alleged that the departure of Robbin Crosby was due, in part, to problems between individual bandmembers. "Look, it was Robbin with the troubles...in the studio while making *Detonator* and on tour. It's not fair for people to say *we* were having problems with our heads. Robbin had the problems. He was fired. And Ratt is still alive." So there....

Neil Zlozower



Ross Halfin/Zlozower

There's been a radical lineup change in **White Lion**. Say goodbye to the rhythm section of drummer Greg D'Angelo and bassist James Lomenzo, and hello to the new dudes, stickmeister Jimmy DeGrasso (formerly of Y&T and Fiona) and Alice Cooper alum T. Bone Caradona. According to singer Mike Tramp, it was both personality and politics that forced the shuffle. "Greg and James wanted to renegotiate their contracts at a difficult time for the band," he told RIP. "Vito and I said, 'No way,' and that was that." As to the new additions, Tramp sounded very positive. "We're a really solid unit right now. Jimmy and T. Bone have already given the band a new dimension. I think they may even share in the writing of the next LP, something that our former bandmembers never had a part in."

SLAUGHTER *Blac*

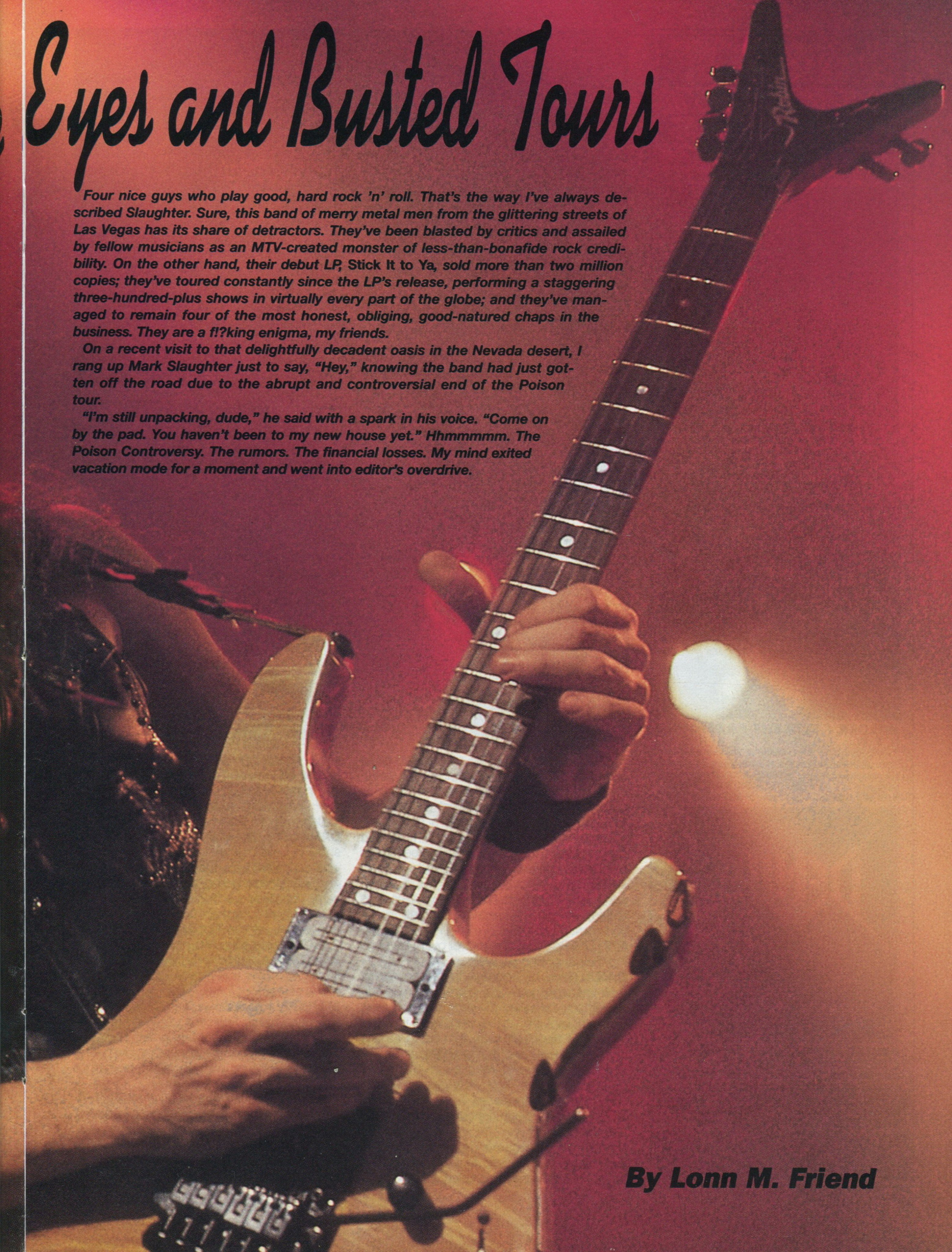
Anthony Cutajar

Eyes and Busted Tours

Four nice guys who play good, hard rock 'n' roll. That's the way I've always described Slaughter. Sure, this band of merry metal men from the glittering streets of Las Vegas has its share of detractors. They've been blasted by critics and assailed by fellow musicians as an MTV-created monster of less-than-bonafide rock credibility. On the other hand, their debut LP, Stick It to Ya, *sold more than two million copies; they've toured constantly since the LP's release, performing a staggering three-hundred-plus shows in virtually every part of the globe; and they've managed to remain four of the most honest, obliging, good-natured chaps in the business. They are a f!?king enigma, my friends.*

On a recent visit to that delightfully decadent oasis in the Nevada desert, I rang up Mark Slaughter just to say, "Hey," knowing the band had just gotten off the road due to the abrupt and controversial end of the Poison tour.

"I'm still unpacking, dude," he said with a spark in his voice. "Come on by the pad. You haven't been to my new house yet." Hhmmmmm. The Poison Controversy. The rumors. The financial losses. My mind exited vacation mode for a moment and went into editor's overdrive.



By Lonn M. Friend

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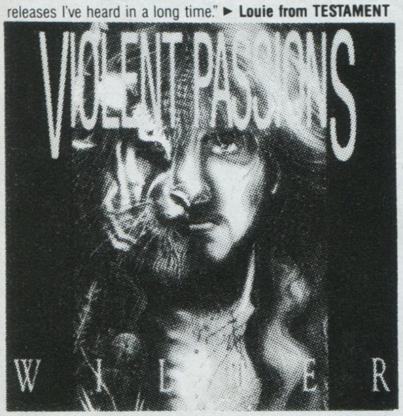

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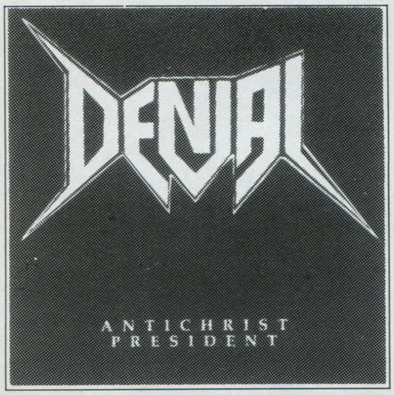

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"Wanna do an interview, dude?" I asked. "A heavy one...about the tour?"

There was no hesitation in his voice. "Sure!" he snapped back. "I'll call Dana. Come on over about 9:00."

"I'll be there, recording equipment in hand. And to quote the great Al Bundy, 'Let's rock!' "

Twenty minutes northeast of the blazing neon bonfire of downtown Vegas lies a sleepy suburb. The landscape is dotted with new housing developments, Steven Spielberg-like street scenes of Middle-American familial congeniality. It is on one of these quiet thoroughfares that Mark "Mad About You" Slaughter resides. And not five minutes away, on another sleepy slab o' black tar, bassist Dana Strum has chosen to plant his domestic roots. It's Mr. Slaughter's neighborhood, boys and girls. Can you say comfortable?

Mark answers the front door clad in a pair of shorts, a T-shirt and a Taco Bell cap. After warm hellos and a quick tour of the very choice pad, he, Dana and I sit down at the kitchen table. With my dependable 12-year-old Sony Walkman poised between us, red light flashing, the conversation commences. Okay, enough colorful alliteration. On with the Q&A!

RIP: Let's cut right to the chase. You had the opening slot on the recently aborted Poison tour. What the hell happened?

DANA: Alright, let's start from the beginning: Ashville, North Carolina. Our trucks pull into the venue, and Slaughter's ready to rock tonight, right? Wrong! We get a call at 8:45 a.m. that the show's been canceled. Now we're here with all our gear, but no show to play. So we're saying, "We're gonna play the gig anyway." Little did we know that there were further powers-that-be that wouldn't allow this to happen. I'm convinced the Poison camp knew we were going to be stranded in Ashville, stuck high and dry. And there was nothing we could do.

MARK: So we packed up and moved on to Little Rock, Arkansas. Poison, at this point, admitted that they were not going to play the Little Rock show. We went on the local radio station and solicited for a hometown band to come and open up for us, and we'd play anyway. And that's what happened—a local band jammed, and we played.

DANA: That's right, but keep in mind, Poison told us, "You do not have our blessings to play the gig." We replied, "I didn't realize you managed us."

RIP: Did Poison have control over you playing their canceled shows?

DANA: They had control to the point that their manager is a very high-powered individual, and he called the promoter and said, "I don't want this to happen." But the promoter in Little Rock said, "I'm going to lose my f?!king ass, and it *is* going to happen."

MARK: In the end we played in front of 7,000 fans in Little Rock. It worked out pretty well, all things considered.

RIP: Why did Poison cancel the Ashville and Little Rock gigs?

DANA: What it came down to was Bret [Michaels] not being up to it. At that time it might have truly been his voice. Bret honestly does have a problem with his throat. Appa ently at several gigs he was told by a doct "If you go out and talk today, you won't able to sing tonight." And we witnessed th He didn't talk at all before the show. went onstage and then straight onto the b afterwards, no words spoken.

RIP: But Bret's voice wasn't the only fact right?

MARK: We started to hear the rumors fro the crew guys. This was after we took month-and-a-half break and did some of o one-off shows. It's when the tour started again that the shit started to fly.

DANA: One night C.C. [DeVille] rolls into t cafeteria, screaming, "Look what they did me! Look what they did to me!" He had t black eyes, apparently administered by B and Bobby [Dall]. The story we heard wa after a show, Poison left the gig, and t guys got into a big fight on the bus. The b pulled over, and holy hell broke loose.

MARK: So C.C. leaves the bus and is wa ing through nowhere-land in this tall grass. decides to lay down in the grass and slee off, but his tour manager, Scotti Ross, looking for him. He finally finds him and d covers that the two of them have inadverte ly wandered onto the grounds of a me prison. I'm sure Scotti, with his hands up, h some choice things to say to the guard w found them. You know, like, "Ignore this g he's out of control. He's a hilarious guy, is he?"

DANA: This incident went down as, let's s rather surprising. We hadn't thought mu about what Poison was going through int nally after being on the road for as long they had. We knew that they had a probl with Warrant, but Bret, quite honestly, ca into us the very first day and said, "I kn what you've heard, but, really, the only th that happened between us and Warrant w that Jani [Lane] started running on our se And he goes, "Look, when you pay for a out there, you're going to want it as y own. All I asked was that they stay off pa of it." I guess Jani didn't listen. Hey, we agre to stay off 'em, and there was never a pr lem in that regard between us and Poison.

RIP: When did you guys start to see t end coming for the tour?

DANA: The day after the Concord Pavil show in California we found out Sacrame was canceled. Now there was internal an and weirdness going on in the Slaugh camp, because we didn't know what the f was going to happen next. And, boy, things get darker. Poplar Creek in Illin 22,000 tickets sold, two nights—gone! Ca celed! The rumors were flying at the Irv Meadows show that Poison was falling ap at the seams.

MARK: At this point we weren't even spe ing much to the Poison guys. We'd play set, go off to our "meet and greet" and he out to the bus, completely paranoid whet we were going to play again the next ni or not.

DANA: Our truck drivers would get inform tion from their truck drivers, and this filte down to the band. They'd say, "Don't lea Stay put until we tell you." So after Irvine went on to Denver, then Texas and Atla and we were *on*. The shows were great, a

Marty Temme

we thought for a moment, "Goddamn, we're up! It's happening." Now we're on our way to the East Coast and Worcester, Massachusetts—10,000 seats, gone in advance. And we'd played there with Kiss, so we know a modest portion of those tickets were sold to Slaughter fans.

RIP: So Worcester was a success?

DANA: Worcester was a washout! The gig never happened! I couldn't believe it. I woke up the morning of the show and got the phone call. No show. Gig's canceled. I called Mark and said, "You're not going to believe this: They canceled the Worcester Centrum." For a reference point, the Centrum is the L.A. Forum of Massachusetts. It's the real deal. We started to freak now. We called their manager and said, "Look, we're starting to lose our ass now." This is where we learned a new word, "Postponed."

MARK: Now the gig was postponed instead of canceled, which meant Slaughter couldn't legally go on and play the show alone even if we wanted to, because, legally, the ticket said Poison.

RIP: When did the end finally come?

DANA: We go to Logan airport in Boston on our way to this festival in Iceland. A limo pulls up, and one of the Poison hierarchy comes to get us. "Bret wants to see you," he says. We were like, "We're not playing! I can't believe it!" But the promoter had been contracted in advance, and this wasn't America, so there wasn't the contractual thing. Iceland went off alright, but Poison didn't play. It was that day that Bret told us he felt bad for us, and that they couldn't play because Bobby had just slammed his fingers in a car door. This is what we were told. Bret was also giving us his blessings to continue without them. He was, in fact, admitting that Poison could not continue on this tour.

MARK: But you know, Dana actually offered to play bass for Poison if Bobby couldn't make the trip. C.C. went for the idea, 'cause he wanted them to go to Iceland, but it didn't happen. And I have to commend Bret for one thing: He said, "Go to Iceland. You can use our set, our sound company, our lights, everything." He wanted to keep his crew working. He was very concerned. Believe me, there's a lot of people in this business who don't give a f?!k about anybody but themselves. Bret isn't like that.

DANA: Mark's right. That day Bret was one unhappy guy. I remember C.C. going crazy. He was very angry they weren't playing. He apparently couldn't believe what was going down. Of course C.C. was a little off much of the time.

RIP: How did Bobby and Rikki [Rockett] react?

DANA: Rikki was bummed out of his tree. He just sat on the bed, staring at the wall. He couldn't believe what was happening. As for Bobby, we didn't see much of him. 'Nuff said.

RIP: The Poison fiasco wasn't the first tour tragedy Slaughter's been involved in. Last year there was controversy over the cancelation of the European Cinderella tour and a comment Mark made in RIP, calling the band chickenshit for pulling out of the stint because of Gulf War terrorist paranoia. What was the fallout of that incident?

MARK: There was a confrontation. Tom Keifer came up to me and asked me if I really said that. And I replied, "Every word of it." I told him I said it because he'd slagged me in the beginning of the whole situation. You know, we had no beefs at all with Cinderella. I just think it's a matter of them not believing that I would stand up for what I believe to be the truth. They had their manager stepping in and creating more tension. Look, I have a lot of respect for the guys in Cinderella, but when somebody says something about me, what am I going to do? Bend over and reach for the soap? No, I don't do that. Talk to the next Zest boy over there.

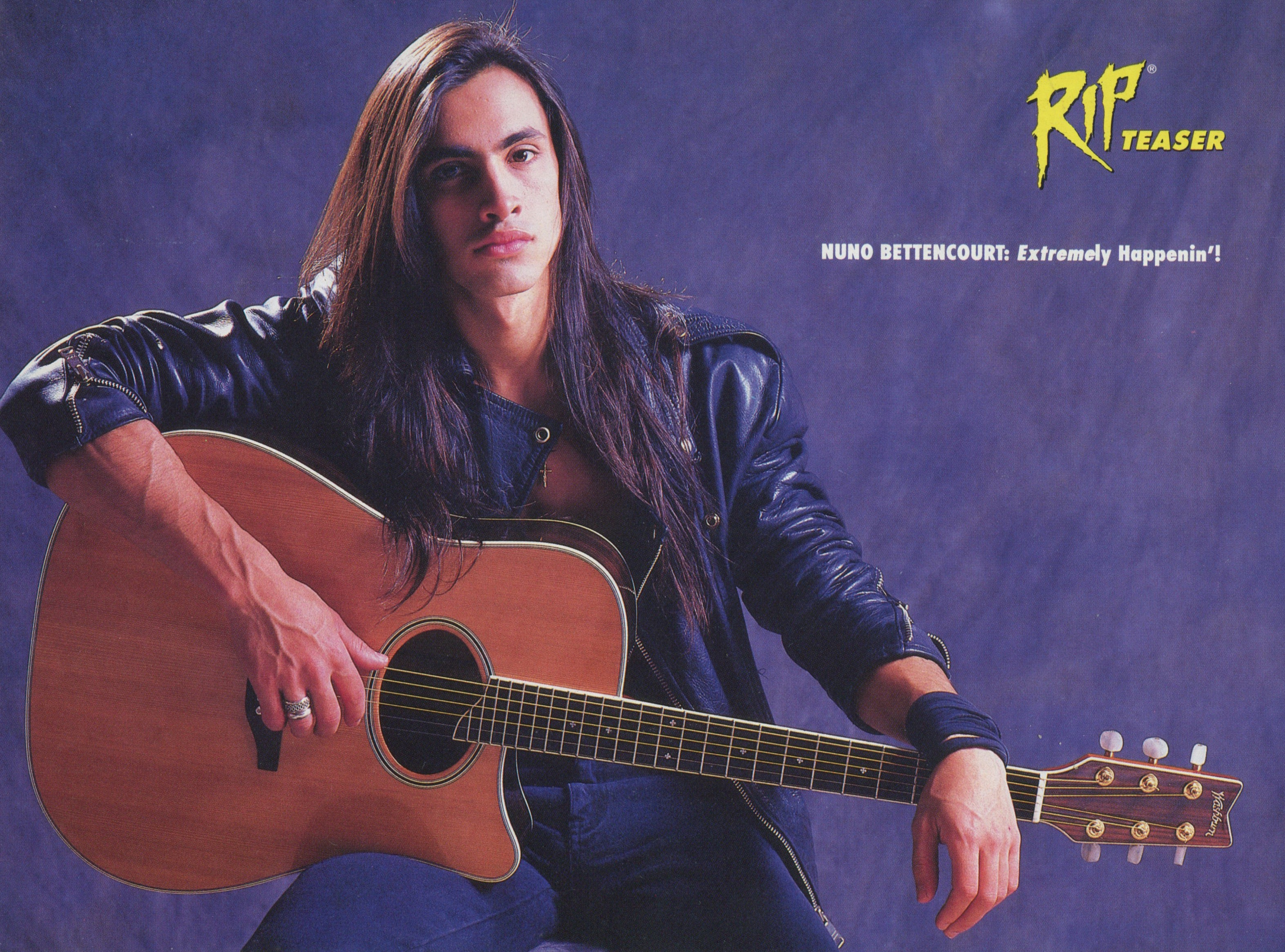
RIP: While we're on the subject of slagging, Chris Robinson from the Black Crowes made a comment about Mark in *Rolling Stone*. Did that bother you?

MARK: You know what's funny, Chris Robinson doesn't use real good information in the way he slags people. He lumped us together with Winger and Warrant. Winger is very much like what their record is, and Warrant is a good hard-rock band who do this coordinated trip of their own in concert. Slaughter borders on a heavier metal sound. Then he makes a comment like, "We don't wear hairspray and eyeliner like Slaughter and Winger." In fact, he *does* wear eyeliner! Shit, he wears more eyeliner than Dana or I ever did in our previous band. And I might add that Mr. Robinson's clothing is definitely far and above what I can afford. Hey, man, be a bigmouth, that's cool, just know what you're talking about.

RIP: The "Shout It Out" single from the *Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey* soundtrack is the last track we're gonna hear from you guys for a while, right? Is it back to the composition drawing board?

MARK: The next record will be out early next year, hopefully. So far nothing's written but two tracks, "Move to the Music" and "All the Days Gone By." That's it—two half-assed songs. We have a lot of buckling down to do. It's gonna be a better record, 'cause we've learned a lot in the last couple years. Blas and Tim have had a tremendous education. It's gonna be killer.

DANA: That's right. Go into the coal mines and don't come out until we're through. Don't come out until it's real. Because we know two things for a fact: How lucky we are to be able to do all this, and how f?!ked we'd all be if didn't follow through. •



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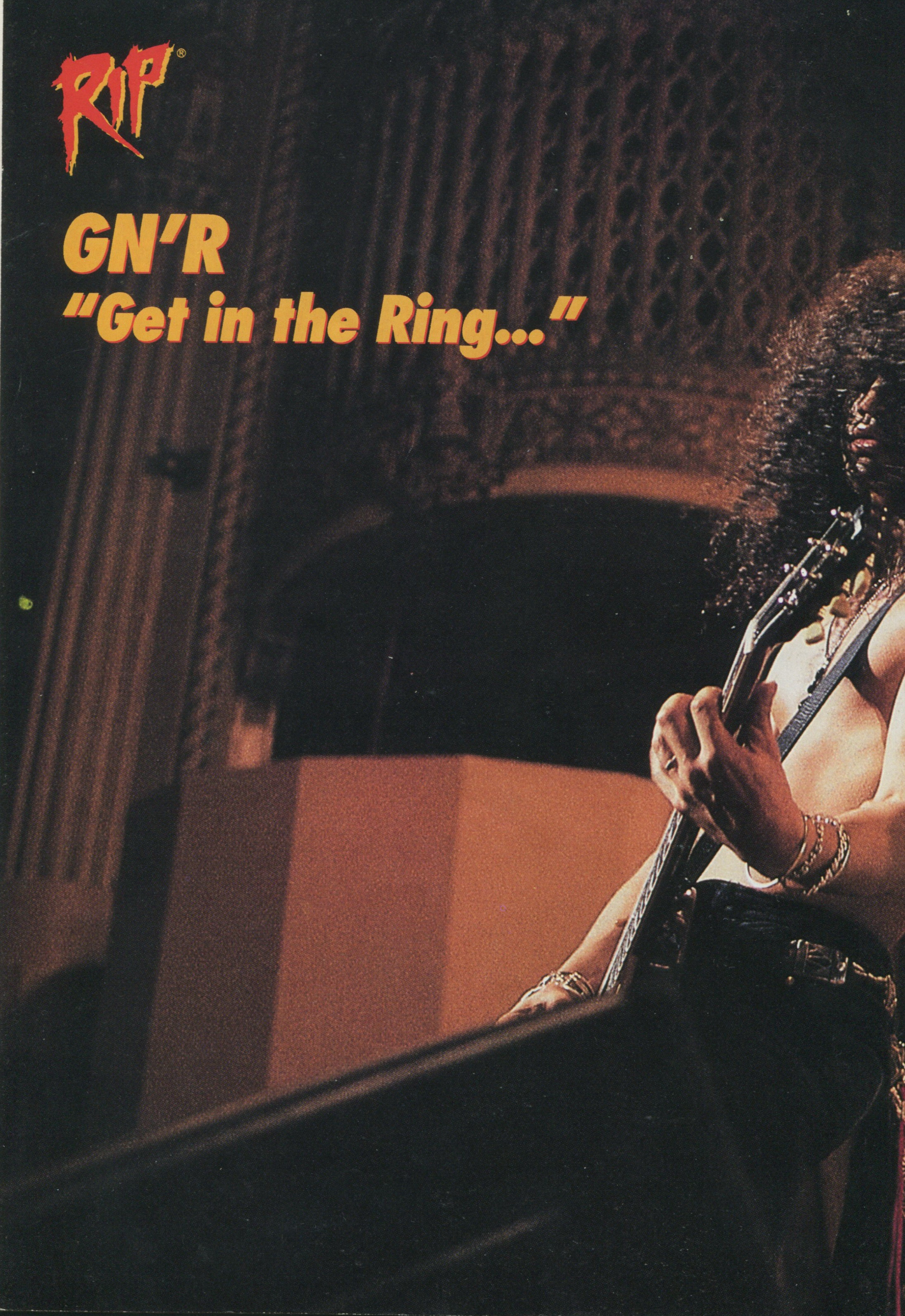

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GN'R
"Get in the Ring..."

Robert John

ENTER MET

The phone rings.

"Hello?"

"Dude, how'd you like to interview Metallica for the cover story?" asks Lonn Friend, RIP's big kahuna.

"I thought you were doing it."

"After a year, I'm pretty Metallica'd out and would like a fresh perspective."

"Sounds cool. Do you know who I'm interviewing?"

"All four of 'em."

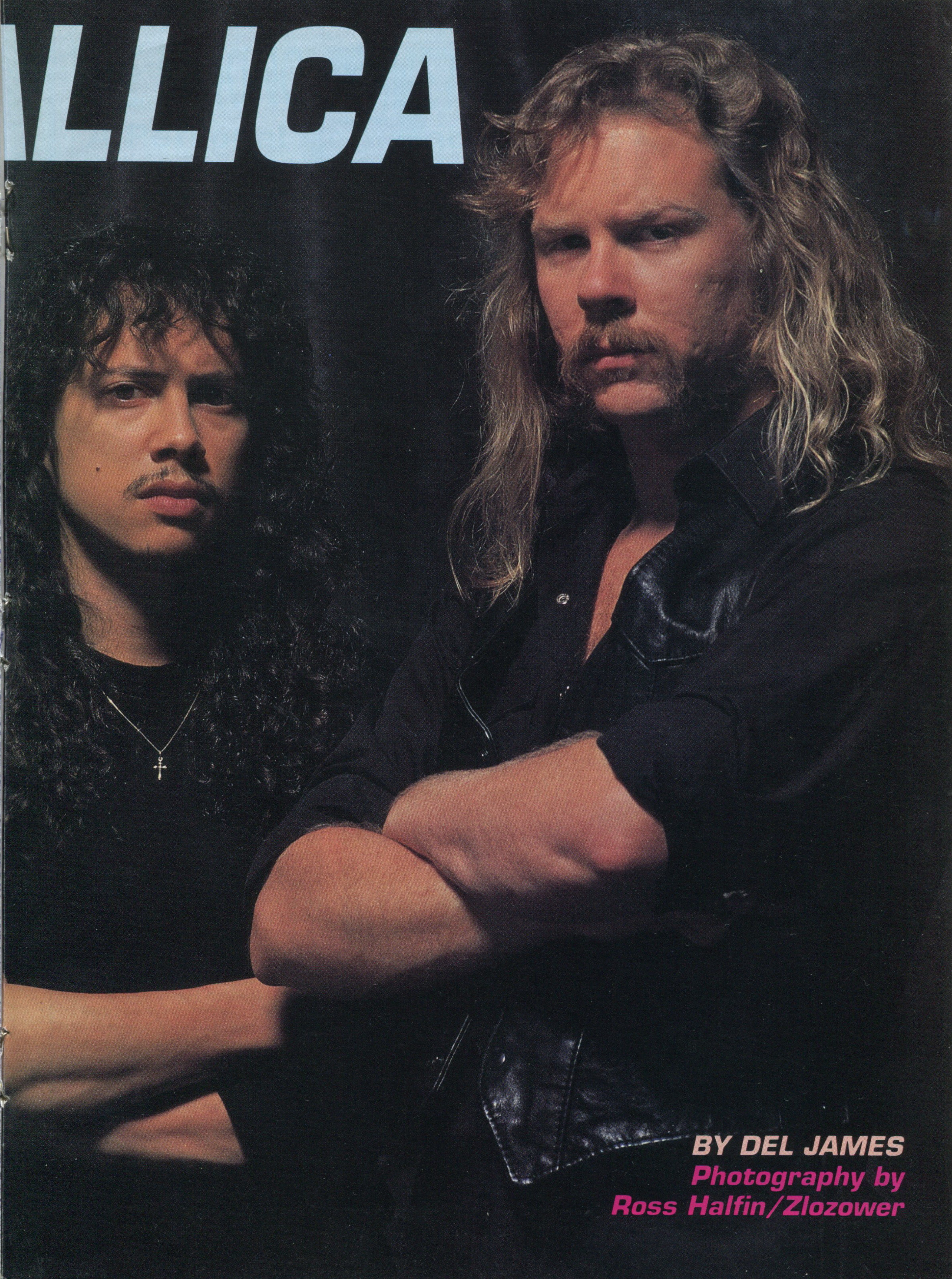
"Sounds real cool. When?"

"In a day or two. Call Lars."

"Sounds like cake. See ya."

After setting things up through the proper channels, I was slated to interview Metallica at A&M Studios, where they were putting the finishing touches on their latest opus, simply titled Metallica. The band had two days to mix three songs, as well as lay down one last vocal. Needless to say, their schedule was pretty hectic, but Kirk, Jason, Lars and James each found some time for their loyal legions of RIP fans. I set up camp in one of the many lounges, was privy to an advance listening and, after many hours, here's what transpired.

ALLICA



BY DEL JAMES

Photography by
Ross Halfin/Zlozower

RIP: I just heard the whole record twice, and it's a monster. Even the European B-sides ["Killing Time," by Sweet Savage, and the coolest cover ever, "So What?" by the Anti-Nowhere League] are killer. How does Metallica keeps its creative juices flowing?

KIRK HAMMETT: When it comes time to get all of the ideas, that's the culmination of the past two years, and it's a lot of hard work. Whether it's something that was written at three in the morning at home or backstage before going on, we save our ideas on cassette and pull the best riffs. We constantly strive to create new ideas and find new sources of inspiration. We don't listen to thrash or speed metal 24 hours a day. I'm into everything from Nirvana, Neil Young, Sonic Youth, Ministry, Hendrix and Zeppelin to Lenny Kravitz, Head Of David, Chris Isaak and N.W.A. I can't see any of us limiting themselves to any one kind of music. Jason's way into blues. He's becoming a serious blues aficionado. James is into his country picking, Lynyrd Skynyrd thing, and Lars is always on top of what's happening now with new releases. He's the guy who calls all the labels for advance tapes. I guess I listen to the more alternative stuff out of us, and it's looking into these different styles of music that keeps our own approach fresh. On this album I thought out my solos a lot more than I have in the past. I'd listen to the song,

and instead of sitting down with the gui
I'd sing out ideas into my tape recorde
thought a lot about what direction I want
to take with the solos.

JASON NEWSTED: I've been listening t
lot of the blues since the *Justice* album thr
years ago, and it's definitely reflected in
playing this time around. This record h
more of a 3-D approach instead of a one-
mensional bass thing. This time the bass
laying down a bass line. There pretty mu
was never any bass on any Metallica album
except when Cliff did some stuff using h
wah. It was high-end stuff; you could hear
On the last record the bass was pretty mu
shit. This record has a lot more feel, a lot mo
bounce, than anything we've ever done b
fore. We had a lot more of a focus on wh
we wanted to create this time around. E
eryone has definitely grown up a lot, as f
as getting themselves together and as mus
cians. I learned a lot about making the bas
work around the mass frequency that Jame
guitar covers.

RIP: How does Metallica write and crea
new music?

JASON: We write and choose whatever
best and strongest for the record. Some
the material on the new record came fro

THE MAKING OF METALLICA

A Personal Remembrance

by Lonn M. Friend

The best laid plans of Lars and Friend. Perhaps that abortion of the time-honored cliche most accurately describes the past year—yes, you heard right—*year* of my editorial involvement with Metallica. It was a late-summer afternoon in 1990 when the idea sprouted forth from the brain of the forward-thinking Danish drummer that RIP, specifically yours truly, should undertake the task of documenting the making of *Metallica*, the latest and greatest work from the Bay Area garage band turned metal legends of stage, screen and bar. On paper the concept was brilliant. I would be *there*—every step of the way, tape recorder in hand—observing the creative process. From preproduction rehearsals to tracking of the tunes to the final mix, me, the outsider, privy to the painstaking process from whence the inimitable Metallica sound and songs are born. In this, the final installment of the Metalli-saga, I'm waxing retrospective, trying to put down on paper the highlights and low-lights of the year gone by. Those of you who've followed the *Metalli-watch* column for the past ten months can judge for yourselves the merit or folly of this exercise. As for your humble narrator, a few special moments come immediately to mind.

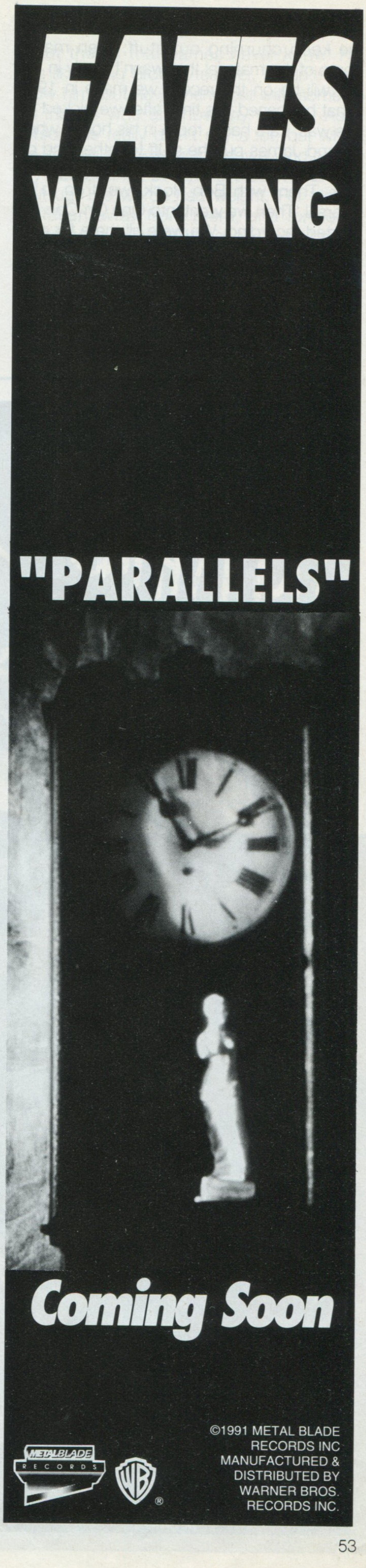
During several of my visits to North Hollywood's One On One Studio, a film crew, led by Propaganda's Adam Dubin, would be capturing footage for a still-mysterious documentary-style project. Thus the first time I had a true heart-to-heart with Lars, it was under the unblinking gaze of a whirring camera. When I left that evening, Adam followed me to my car. He said, "Could we come back and film you again, Lonn? That was the best stuff we've gotten of Lars so far. You really know how to get him talking." Little did he know that any stranger in line behind Lars at the corner 7-Eleven could engage the drummer in witty banter for at least an hour. Nevertheless, that made me feel good.

A few months later I brought my wife and daughter, Megan, down with me. The cameras were rolling that night too. There's priceless footage somewhere of James and Megan that you will never see, believe me. Not good for the God O' Thunder's image. Truth is, the Mighty Hetfield is a prince in a land of few gentlemen, kind of soul and magnificent in character. His musical genius, tempered by Lars's manic yet perceptive studio savvy, is the alchemy that makes Metallica's magic. Take nothing away, however, from Kirk Hammett and Jason Newsted. Often in the background, they are the third and fourth dimensions of Metallica's ear-crushing sound. And in the production of this LP they were incredible professionals. Given one tenth the time to produce their tracks as Messrs. Ulrich and Hetfield, Kirk and Jason were so well rehearsed and prepared when they entered the studio, their tracking went like clockwork—with awesome results. This record boasts the heaviest bass sound in the band's history, and the leads...fluid perfection. My one regret is that they weren't more equitably represented in the series of articles. I'm certain they'll forgive me.

I was also witness to the studio mastery of super-producer Bob Rock. One patient motherf?!ker, Rock accomplished what the skeptics thought impossible—he made a more accessible Metallica record without sacrificing the band's trademark "crunch." Think about it: This man pulled up his Vancouver roots for almost a year to make a different style of record for a band of musicians he hardly knew. He deserves every accolade bestowed on him and the sincere respect of his peers. I'm certain, after this experience, Bob feels truly immortal. Shit, after a year in the studio with Metallica, everything else is a razor-sharp ice-skate blade gliding over a frozen Canadian lake in winter. Smooothhhh....

So I guess there is a feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment in my Metalli-weary bones. I've made it through the months of unreturned phone calls (here's a secret: to get Lars on the phone every time, say it's Axl or Sebastian calling—never fails); the minor band conflict that erupted when Lars told me the titles of some of the songs, and I published them before James knew about it; and their pushing me until deadline on numerous occasions for whatever rock-star attitudinal reason fit at the time. But, all told, I enjoyed the *Metalli-watch* adventure. I feel now, as I did when I met them more than four years ago, that Lars, James, Kirk and Jason are loyal friends, devoted RIP readers and, still, without question, the heaviest metal band on the planet. Hella!

For those who missed any of the Metalli-watch *installments, the complete series is reprinted on the back of the poster in this issue. The shit's smaller and harder to read this time but, hey, you should've bought the issues when they came out, butthead!*



FATES WARNING

"PARALLELS"

Coming Soon

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riff tapes recorded five years ago. As long as we keep churning out stuff, then maybe some of the material that wasn't ready in July '91 will be on the record we make in 1996. What happened this time after we picked the riffs was, Lars has a room in his house where he and James put the stuff together and get a rough arrangement. Then I'd go in. Then Kirk. Then, with Bob Rock, we'd go to rehearsal. Then we went into One On One and started recording. We were all there for each other during this recording, and it shows. We were very focused and had our shit together.

RIP: Why does the record have no title?

JAMES HETFIELD: I don't know. I think we just wanted the songs to stand out without any one track being the title. Here's 12 strong songs; why cover it with a bunch of crap? This record is very unified, and we worked really hard at getting that point across.

LARS ULRICH: A lot of things in the past few years in metal have really gotten out of hand, and we certainly threw our two cents in there. It just hit me as to how silly things are getting with cliches and cartoon images. Throughout most of the '80s I was like the biggest Iron Maiden fan. They had great record covers and all these clever names for their tours. I dug it, and we copped some of that early on, but we don't want to be slaves to all of that. What would happen to Iron Maiden's next record if they took Eddie off the front cover? So we said, "Here's 65 r
utes of music in its most naked form."
don't need to cover it up. It just feels ri
We've set ourselves up to be ridiculed, b
we were afraid of being ridiculed, we wo
have played the game a lot differently.
threw a Metallica logo on it, and it pr
much titled itself. It's a case of, here's
record, here's a lyric sheet, you figure it
You can call it anything you want. *The B*
Album. *The Snake Album*. *Metallica Su*
Actually, that's one of my favorite titles.
of the guys from Guns N' Roses told
they were toying with the idea of calling
next record *GN'R Suck*, and I said, "If yo
not gonna use it...."

RIP: Okay then, what are some of you
vorite tracks on this new record?

JAMES: "The Unforgiven" is one. It's al
a guy who never really takes advantag
certain situations, never really takes
chances. Then, later on in life, he regrets
having done anything with his life, so
dubs the rest of the world "the unforgiv
There's a simple aspect to a lot of th
songs, and those were pretty hard on u
write. We can write the 100-riffs-in-
minute songs, but our challenge this
was to write a simple song and mal
mean and thick as shit. There's three t
on there with a number three [minutes
ning time] in there.

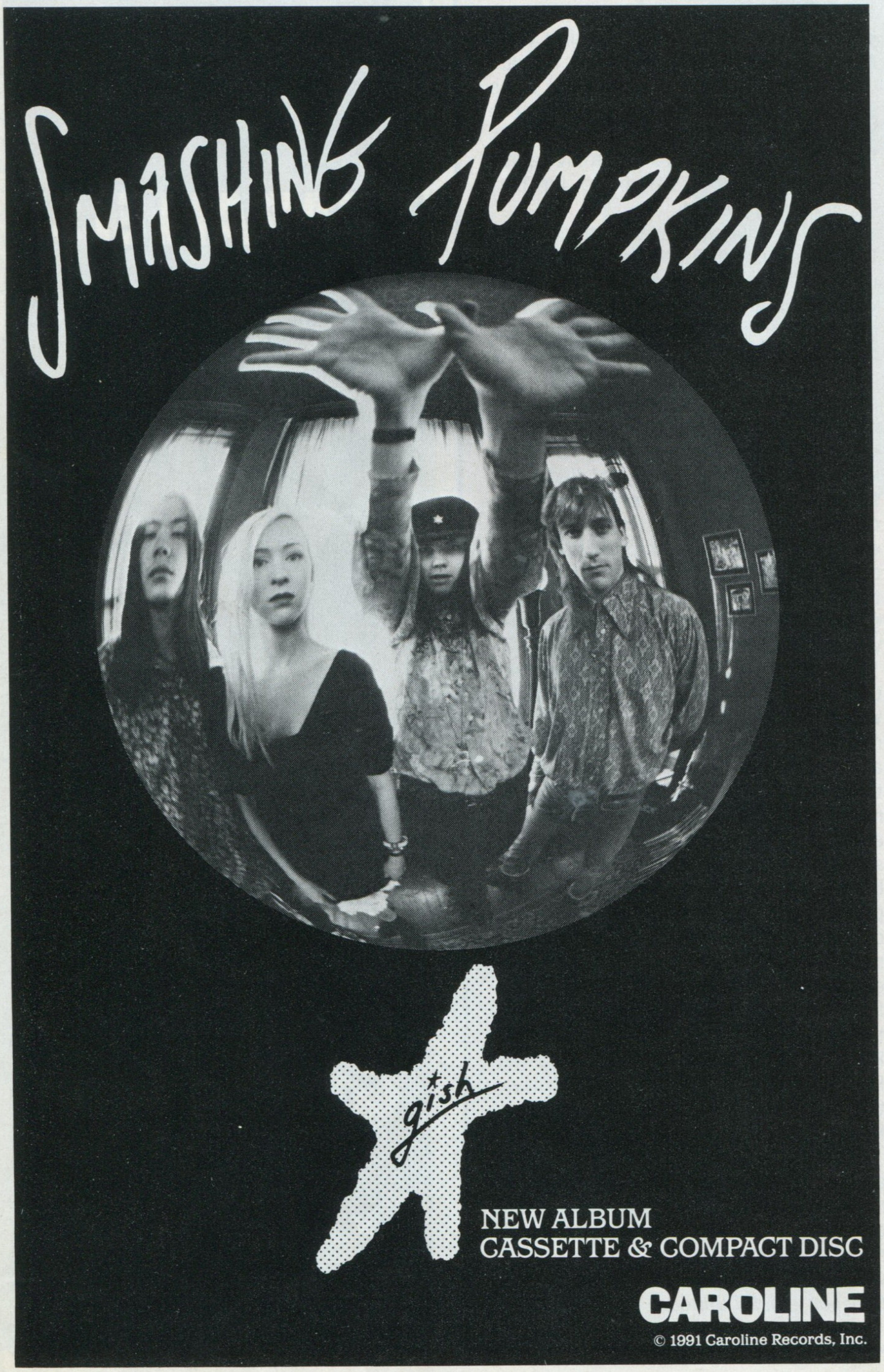
LARS: I always find that the first song
write for an album has a certain magic
and that was "Enter Sandman," the
video. This song just has a feel to it tha
felt should be the first new thing pe
heard. It's one of the easiest songs w
ever written. If you're gonna narrow it d
it's about nightmares from a little kid's
of view. But much like a lot of what Ja
writes, even if you have the lyrics in fro
you, there's still so many possibilities in t
That's the greatest thing about his lyrics.

JAMES: Most of the titles I had for this
ord I've had for a long while. "Enter Sand
is one of the older song titles I've al
wanted to use. It could've gone abou
different ways, and it's pretty vivid. It's a
how children interpret certain things. "W
I'm sleeping, and some little man com
my room?"

LARS: My favorite track depends on
track we're working on at the moment. I
a personal hard-on for "Sandman." "Sa
True" has a really cool feel to it. "Holier
Thou" and "The Unforgiven" are both
cool. "Nothing Else Matters" is some
kinda different for us, and that's one
favorites too.

KIRK: Man, I like every f?!king track o
record. It's hard for me to single out an
ticular song. The lyrics are a bit more
sonal this time around. On *Justice* the
process was disjointed, especially to
the end. We were mixing while out on
The material was what we were into a
time but, looking back.... We could nev
two albums in a row that fall into the
gressive direction. This album is a lot b
sounding. Listen to me, I'm still saying *a*
I should be saying *CD*.

JASON: I couldn't pick a song that I
like. "My Friend of Misery" is one of m
vorites. "Sad but True" is also one of m



NEW ALBUM
CASSETTE & COMPACT DISC
CAROLINE
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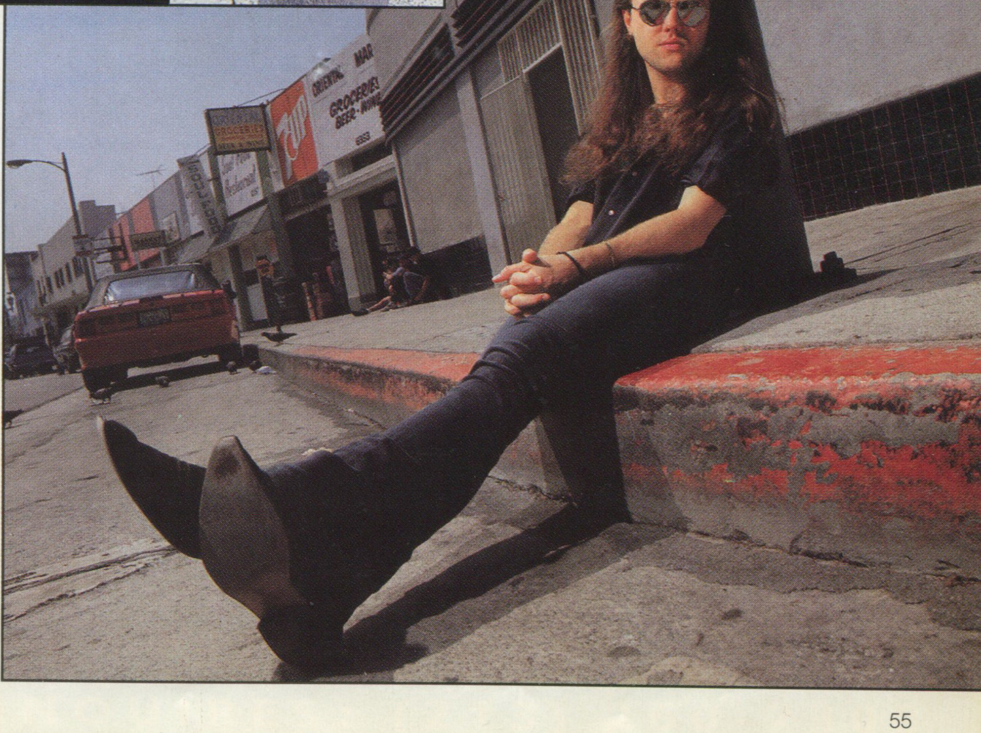
vorites, because of its Black Sabbath feel. "Don't Tread on Me" is also one of the songs that I really like, but there isn't one I *don't* like. It's 12 very strong songs with their own unique feel and mood. They each create their own identity. James surprised us all with his singing this time around. Whether it's his out-and-out ability to double his guitar parts or double his vocal parts or come up with amazing lyrics, he never ceases to amaze us. He's one of those really gifted people.

RIP: More personally, how did Jason Newsted deal with coming into an established, but still growing act like Metallica, and how have you dealt with the mega-success?

JASON: In the beginning it was really, really tough. I came into basically my favorite band of all time, as far as my writing in Flotsam & Jetsam, you know. All that stuff. These guys were my heroes, more or less. Then I became their peer and bandmate, and it was a huge thing. The first few years it was hard for them to open up and let me into their lives. Cliff was such a big influence on all of their lives. As for his musical abilities, he showed James harmonies, melodies, things about theory that James never knew. He was like a big brother/teacher. I didn't even know him, but now I hang out with some of his friends who are now my friends. As a person, he really didn't say a lot, but when the serious shit was going down, and he did say something, everyone else would just shut up. His words had weight. For him to be taken away from them, and for some new guy to try to fill his shoes over on the right-hand side of the stage, was really tough. It was hard for them to open up to another guy. I tried to deal with it and just be quiet when I should be, do my thing and try to be me, without worrying about how Cliff did things. Little by little it's worked out. Over the past year and a half it's become really cool. I really feel like a huge part of Metallica now. We've become real friends. Regarding the success thing, I don't think it'll ever really get to me. I still have the same friends I did ten years ago. I'm not scared to go down the street or into any club for fear of being recognized. I feel I've dealt with it really well, and as long as I can keep my wits about me, I'll be fine.

RIP: It's been over year since the Damaged Justice tour ended, and I'm sure the fans want to know when they'll be able to see Metallica live again.

KIRK: I think, over here, the first dates will be the end of October or early November. I don't want to give away too much regarding our new stage show, but the quality of the show will definitely improve. It's not necessarily bigger, but rather quality over quantity. We have some pretty wild ideas. It will be unlike anything you've ever seen before.



LARS: I don't want to give away too much, but basically it's an idea where you take the normal configurations that a band usually plays in and flush them down the toilet and come up with a completely different way of seeing a live band.

JASON: I'm definitely ready to do some blasting again. We started rehearsing again three weeks ago for the first time since we started recording the album eight-and-a-half months ago. It was really f?!king shitty, man. But I guess it's kinda come around since then.

RIP: There are all these stories about bands that have not been around nearly as long as Metallica that have a real hard time maintaining professionally, let alone personally. How do the four members really get along?

LARS: We're all a lot more at ease with our different personalities than we have been in the past. When you're all living together, spending 24 hours together, drinking, f?!king, playing, traveling, all that stuff, there's a gang vibe that makes you kind of afraid to step out of that gang mentality, because you're afraid of what the others are gonna say. When you start getting your own pad together, that kind of a vibe, you start respecting one another's space more, so you feel more comfortable with yourself. Having different personalities is not a hindrance, it's a plus. Something that hit me like a ton of bricks is, I figured out that James and I have been together for ten years and two months.

JAMES: It's the two months that gets me, man [Laughs].

LARS: We have very different personalities, but when it comes to Metallica, we just gel. It's only ever gotten physical twice. The first time was onstage at The Troubadour about nine years ago, when we got into the hugest argument over what song to play as an encore. It was, like, a Monday night in front of, like, 14 people, but that was the world to us. I was saying one song; he was saying another song. The song I wanted started with drums, so when we walked onstage, I said, "F?!k you," and started with the drum intro, so he had to play my song. When we walked off stage, he punched me [Laughs]. The other time was in New Jersey, over who was going to ride shotgun in a car. It was great.... Since then it's been a pretty clean slate. We argue a lot, but in comparison to what I hear from other bands, it's pretty tame. We were mixing one of the earlier tracks, and things got pretty heated, but then two hours later we were having dinner together and talking at a restaurant like the argument never happened.

JASON: We're an actual band, where all four of us really get along. We can sit around at a club or go play football or whatever, and there's no animosity. We all respect each other. There are bands that have a gold record or two that fizzle out because they start doing too many drugs, and it changes how they feel about each other. People start fighting among each other. We don't have those problems. We're pals besides being good working partners .

JAMES: We got a lot out of our systems early on, and now we all respect each other's space. We know what we're all about and give each other space.

RIP: Die-hard Metallica followers have a certain fanaticism about their relationship with the band that few other bands inspire. Why does Metallica have such an intense effect on their fans?

JAMES: We take pride and stand behind everything we do. It's an integrity thing, and I think our fans can see that. Lars and I oversee everything from A to Z regarding Metallica, and we take a lot of pride in everything we do. We've always prided ourselves as being a live act and building up the following that way. Anybody can have a power-ballad, acoustic-guitar-on-a-train-track video for MTV. The 14-year-old girls will love it, and the record shoots up the charts, but then you go to play live, and no one shows up, because the little girls can't go to the gigs [Laughs].

JASON: Whether it's "Sanitarium" or "One," the lyrics have something in them that each kid can relate to in their own little piece of the world. We've always maintained an eye-to-eye relationship with our fans, and even though we've sold a lot of records and gotten more popular, the fans have always stuck behind us. I guess Metallica's got some special thing, and I'd like to know the answer to this question myself. I'm not one to overanalyze things. [Laughs] Ask Lars.

LARS: It's really weird what's happened in America in the past few years. *Justice* just took off, and when I look back over our career, it's definitely the least accessible, the least listenable album. I guess we're a band that a lot of kids can identify with, and that's not something that's just concentrated in New York, Los Angeles, Detroit, Dallas, Chicago, 'Frisco, but everywhere. I would like to think that it's because everything we do, whether it's the music or merchandise or what we say in interviews or the gigs, the kids can relate to us. It's always us 100% on the f?!king table. No disguises, no bullshit. What you see is the real article, and our fans appreciate that kind of honesty. Some people need that Michael Jackson or Madonna larger-than-life trip, which is something that they'll probably never be; and then other people need something like Metallica, which is just us doing our thing 100%, without the bullshit. People can really latch onto that. You could probably answer that question better than I can, because I'm on the inside, trying to answer why shit works. The bottom line is that it works because we don't consciously try to make it work.

RIP: Alright, Lars, then does being in the music business and the work that goes into Metallica ever get you down to to the point where you wonder why you're even doing it?

LARS: Yeah. Yeah, but those moods are not any different than what anyone else feels, no matter what you're dealing with. For me, it's Metallica. I live it 24 hours a day. For someone else, it's something else. There's huge ups and downs in anything. Sometimes I wish I could shut Metallica off, like James and Jason can, but I can't.

RIP: Is there life after Metallica?

KIRK: Here and there I think about it, but I'm usually so wrapped up in what's going on right now with Metallica that I'm preoccupied. My hope is that we continue to come up with great albums. I can't picture myself working with anyone else. •

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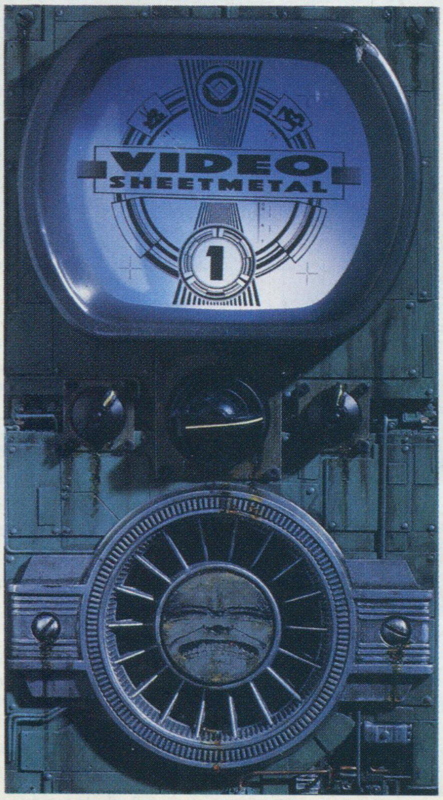
VIDEO SHEETMETAL #1
(Red Decibel/Warner Reprise Video)

At last, the perfect antidote to all those video-mags where any self-respecting headbanger finds his-/herself reaching for the fast-forward button the minute Kip saunters onscreen, the second Matthew 'n' Gunnie flash them pearly whites. The brainchild of 20-year-old Minneapolis music-biz entrepreneur Jake (Red Decibel Records, *Sheetmetal* magazine) Wisely, *Video Sheetmetal* trips the noise fantastic, covering thrash, trash, alternative, and all the sub-genres in between.

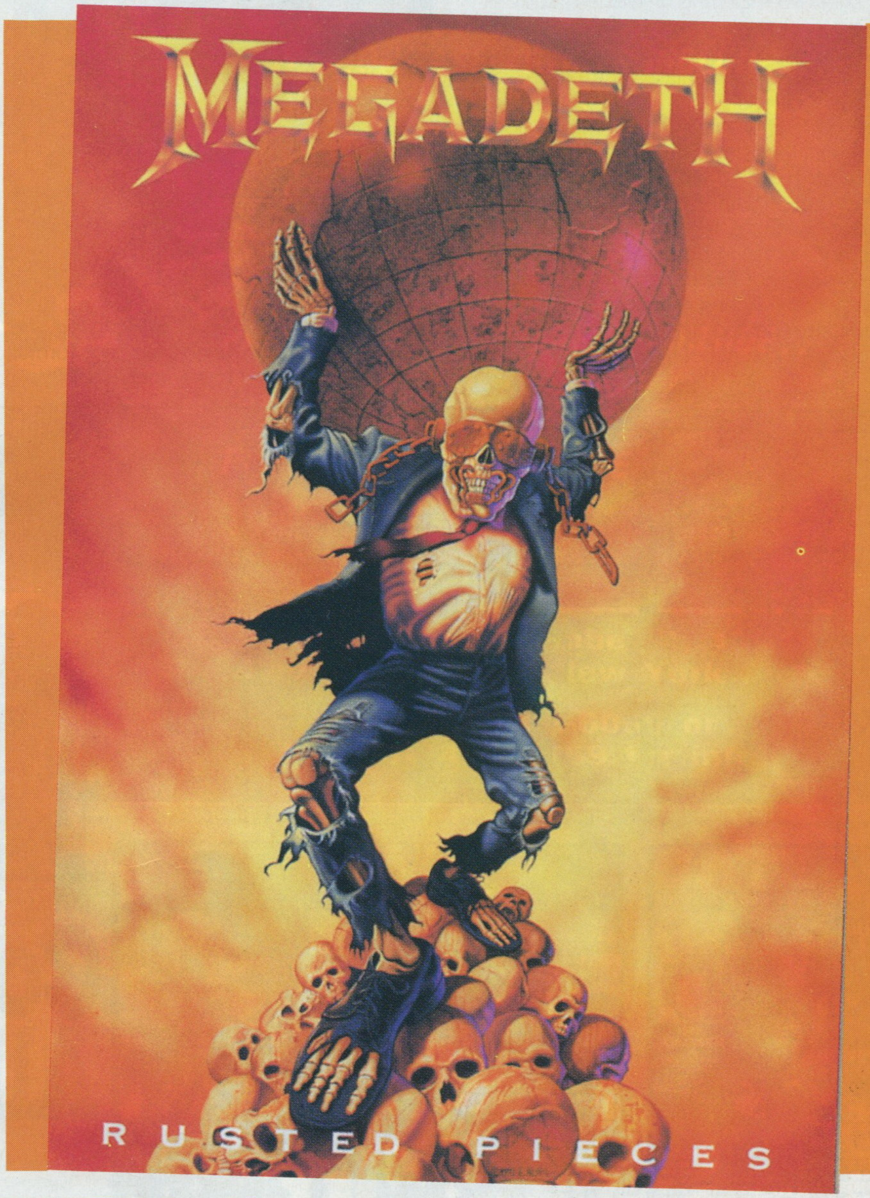
Where else would you find Pantera's Phil Anselmo declaring his love for Trixter? Or Sonic Youth guitar mangler Thurston Moore keeping the employees of Geffen Records on their toes by threatening to firebomb their offices? What about Kim Thayil of Soundgarden advocating killing cops while vocalist Chris Cornell plays with his adorable Pomeranian, Howdy? Add to that clips from Jane's Addiction, Trouble, the Coup-de-Grace, the Black Crowes, Coffin Break, Soul Asylum, Death Angel and Mark Pauline's Survival Research Laboratories all strung together by a ranting, foul-mouthed jack-in-the-box clown—should be enough to keep those of uglier tastes smiling, doncha' think?

Like any maiden issue, *Video Sheetmetal* has its share of glitches: dodgy sound, poor lighting, and clips (like that of Jane's Addiction's uncensored "Mountain Song") that are so outdated, they border on "filler." Unfortunate, but understandable. If anything, it's a case of the usual "working the bugs out," first-issue doldrums. Minor faults aside, given *Video Sheetmetal*'s radically open format and willingness to go where most vid-mags don't dare tread, it's a worthy purchase for the metal maniac sick of the usual metal-pop pabulum. *—Mike Gitter*



FREEZE FRAME

Edited by Janiss Garza



MEGADETH: *Rusted Pieces*
(Capitol Video)

Dave Mustaine and Dave "Junior" Ellefson have always been interesting hosts at interviews. Mustaine slings the dry, witty, slick and sly one-liners; Junior provides the levity. The duo is almost like a comedy team in its delivery and setup.

In Megadeth's *Rusted Pieces* home video the two Daves serve as "tour guides" and reflect on the band's career to date. This journey through time is documented with some clips you may remember from MTV, and some you haven't seen because they were not permitted on the airwaves. The songs the band has chosen to commit to video over the years represent its finest works. "Peace Sells" stands up to this day as one of the most poignant metal vids yet, and "Wake Up Dead" is simply the home of one of the greatest metal riffs ever written. What is really interesting about this visual and sonic adventure is the combination of serious sociopolitical subject matter and the wicked, twisted, but now unclouded mind of Dave Mustaine.

The reason given for why artist Robert Longo was chosen to direct the first Megadeth video sets the tone of the conversation that eventually features appearances by all of the bandmembers. Producer Penelope Spheeris is singled out for her contributions on two clips, and if you look close enough, you'll recognize the frame that served as the cover shot of the *Decline of Western Civilization II* album.

As a metal fan who hoards collections such as these, I appreciated the detail and the thought behind the visuals. It's a mistake to think a band of this intensity would gloss over their lyrical subject matter when a medium as powerful as film allows them to expand the original musical conception. Megadeth is at the top of their game now. This is an interesting compilation that accurately details what this band is all about. Unlike many home videos, this one will come off the rack for repeated airing, at my preferred volume level. Now, about the sequel....

—Jon Sutherland

METAL HEAD
VIDEO MAGAZINE
VOLUME V
CLASH OF THE TITANS
ANTHRAX!
MEGADETH!
SLAYER!
ON TOUR EXCLUSIVE!
Hollywood Vampires
L.A. GUNS
JUDAS PRIEST
EXCLUSIVE (Pt. 1)
THUNDER Noises Off
NELSON
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BILL'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE WITH ALEX WINTER

METALHEAD #5

(BMG Video)

After a couple of years of working out the bugs, it looks like the video magazine format is at last being honed to a fine polish. *Metalhead* is one of the older vid-mags—it's bee in existence for over a year—and segmen five shows off some snappy editing and fin camerawork, not to mention a wide selection of bands that are bound to please ever palate. For hair-farmer fans, we have the fun loving guys in Trixter, the psycho-rockin members of Kik Tracee, and those gorgeou blonds-in-stereo, Nelson. Mainstream meta maniacs get a dose of Thunder and Livin Colour, while thrash-meisters can sink the teeth into the Clash Of The Titans tour, featuring Anthrax, Slayer and Megadeth. *Metalhead #5* also features a view of L.A. Guns i the studio and fond memories courtesy o Judas Priest's Rob Halford. Do you prefer being on metal's cutting edge? *Metalhead* also offers up interviews with Alice In Chains, Primus, Tad and the brutally intelligent Henr Rollins. *Metalhead* covers a lot of musica ground.

Is there a downside to *Metalhead #5*? There's really no objective answer on that. Fo its spokesperson, the vid-mag has chosen an obviously addle-brained metal dude. Some people will find his persona hilarious, while others will think he's incredibly obnoxious. The guy interviews Alex Winter—Bill of *Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey*. That, for the most part, is amusing, except for the nose-picking section, which sinks humor to new lows. My suggestion is that if you find this kid too annoying, just push the fast-forward button to the next band. *Metalhead #5* has too much other good stuff to offer to let yourself be put off by one small, albeit prominent, detail.

—Janiss Garza

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ROCK VAULT

edited by S.L. Duff

Webster, numskull that he is, defines trivia as "insignificant, unimportant matters or things." The nerve of some yahoos! All you Rock Vault regulars know there is little in the world more important than knowing as much about rock 'n' roll as you can possibly cram in yer cranium. So enough intellectualizin' and theorizin', let's get down to business, babah! Don't go grabbin' the dictionary if ya can't figure out every question; the answers are right on page 93.

Armored Saint

1. Though no longer with us, this Boston-based band was together for 17 and a half years without a single member change. Name the band. BONUS: While in college, the lead vocalist of this band roomed with a guy who turned out to be a famous film and TV director. Name the director.

2. What do Discharge, Joe Jackson, the Chantays, Kiss, and Trust have in common?

3. This famous bassist stepped out from his band and scored with the European hit single "Si Si Je Suis Un Rock Star" in 1983. Name him.

4. Guitarist Dave Prichard died of leukemia, but the surviving members of his band carry on. Name the band, and the guitarist who replaced Prichard.

5. This band's latest record generated two separate lawsuits. They were sued by a couple over an unauthorized photo on the LP's cover, and by a giant soft-drink company over the use of their product's name in a song title. Name the band and the song that uses the product's name.

6. Name the grindcore band that get their lyrics from medical dictionaries.

7. Led Zeppelin recorded tracks for *In Through the Out Door* at Polar Studios in Stockholm, Sweden. Who owned the studio?

8. On the first five Queen albums, there was a written disclaimer in the liner notes that would no longer be true of recent Queen LPs. What did the disclaimer say?

9. Deep Purple scored an early hit with the song "Kentucky Woman." Who wrote the song?

10. "The Jungle," "Greed" and "Mark Bowen" are early songs by what band?

11. Match the following artists and bands with their hometowns:

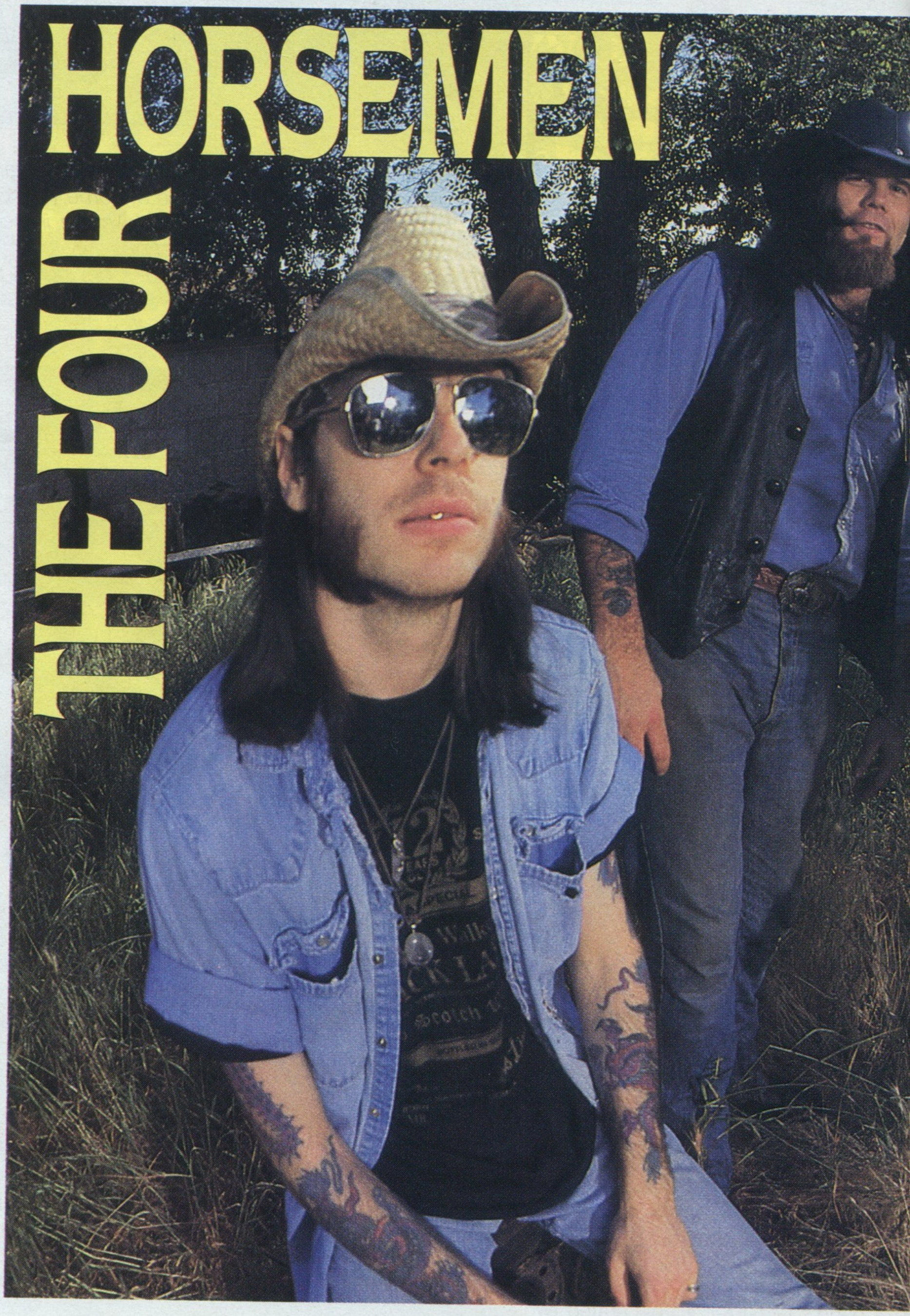
A) Sammy Hagar
B) Bad Brains
C) Wrathchild America
D) Nirvana
E) Cycle Sluts From Hell
F) Skinny Puppy
G) Johnny Winter
H) The Germs
I) Stephen Pearcy
J) The Ramones
K) Masters Of Reality
L) Bob Dylan
M) Husker Du
N) Ted Nugent

1) Queens, NY
2) Los Angeles, CA
3) Minneapolis, MN
4) Washington, DC
5) San Diego, CA
6) Vancouver, BC
7) Fontana, CA
8) Baltimore, MD
9) Duluth, MN
10) Seattle, WA
11) New York, NY
12) Detroit, MI
13) Syracuse, NY
14) Austin, TX

THE FOUR HORSEMEN

BY KATHERINE TURMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LEIALOHA



The Four Horsemen's record company bio informs that the band "generally do not give a flying f?!k."

Au contraire. Guitarist Haggis does. But he gives a flying f?!k about the strangest things. He doesn't really care that he played bass with Guns N' Roses, but he's ecstatic about his collection of eight-track tapes. He's thrilled that we're recording over a Contraband tape, but he could care less about his gold records. And he likes the Eagles.

After more than an hour of rambling about everything under the sun, Haggis, whose name (which is not the one given him by his mum and dad) means "a Scottish dish consisting of the minced heart, lungs and liver of a sheep or calf mixed with suet, oatmeal and seasonings, and boiled in the stomach of the animal," comes to a sudden realization.

"We're not really talking about the record, which is important, but I don't think anyone cares about it. We don't. It's great; go buy it. If we say we like James Hetfield, do you think more people in RIP will like us?"

Actually, both Haggis and his band—singer Frank Starr, bassist Ben, drummer Dimwit and guitarist Dave—are eminently likable. Strange, yes, but good chaps. There are five Four Horsemen, and their Def American bio describes the sound of their debut, *Nobody Said It Was Easy*, as "raucous, raunchy, throat-shredding rock 'n' roll in the spirit of bands like ZZ Top and Lynyrd Skynyrd, only the Horsemen fuel-inject considerably more horsepower into their sound." Haggis notes that Joe Walsh and the James Gang are a big influence, as is Skynyrd. "*Gimme Back My Bullets* is probably my favorite '70s album. Ronnie Van Zant is a total hero of mine. You know the album *Skynyrd's First and Last*, you open the gatefold, and there's a picture. They're all fat, Van Zant is nearly bald, Ed King is like this fat. They're disgusting, and they don't care."

Which is sort of how Haggis, with his piercing blue eyes, muttonchop sideburns and ragamuffin appearance, feels about his band. "I'll have you know these clothes are falling apart instead of being torn apart like some gay Hollywood band," he clarifies.

And Haggis knows bands, having been excused from several of them.

"I've been thrown out of four bands," he notes with nonchalant pride. "I went into Bleeker Bob's one day, and they put stuff on their records like, 'Featuring early Hanoi Rocks bass player Ernest Borgnine,' or something like that. They had a copy of our EP on Caroline, and it said, 'Featuring Haggis. Used to be in Zodiac Mindwarp. Used to be in the Cult. Played in Guns N' Roses when Duff got married.' There was this whole selection of every band I'd ever even spoken to."

At this point in his discourse, lunch arrives. Or rather mine does. Haggis doesn't eat much. He opts for lettuce, no dressing, and water. He doesn't finish his lettuce. He's rather emaciated. He observes my salad with amused horror, and notes that the cornbread looks like "moist foam. All I know is that there's a medical building next door, and Frank Starr was in there the other day, having something burnt off his penis, and it looked like that." He points to the crumbled blue cheese gracing my salad.

The waitress looks askance at Haggis.

How does he know what unsightly things reside on his singer's privates? "He told me. Frank actually has a tattoo on his penis, which I've seen. It's actually two eyes on the end. And he did it himself."

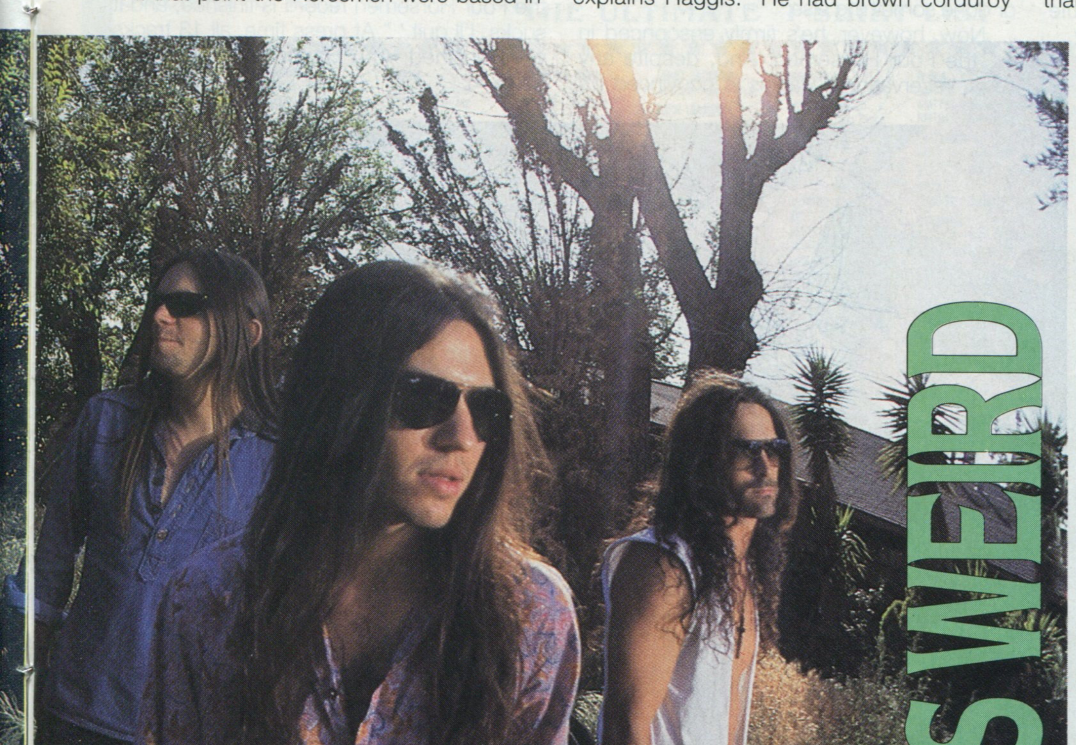
Is he a masochist?

"No, just out of his mind."

Haggis, who has quite a mind and, a
rule, does not appear to be out of it, is, h
ever, the first to admit that his musical ca
has followed a rather haphazard course
somebody said to you, 'Hey, you're a 19-y
old kid. You want free alcohol, free drugs,
to stand onstage in front of 10,000 people
ery night and be famous, or be sens
about things?' what would you do?"

Haggis took the first route. But he learn
from his mistakes, and applies those lesso
to running the Four Horsemen.

"When I was in the Cult," he begins, "
say this, the Cult never took drugs, but the
was a lot of drinking, as is English peopl
wont. Through all the bands I was ever in, I
ways saw decisions being made that affect
people's careers in a derogatory mann
through being f?!ked up. So when the Hors



WHEN THE GOING GETS WEIRD

men became a serious concern, I quit doing all those aforementioned things so I could have a tight rein on what was going on. I didn't want to be hypocritical. Frank was an alcoholic and a drug addict, and he went through NA and AA and cleaned up and went to jail for many misdemeanors...drugs, violence...."

At that point the Horsemen were based in New York, but when Starr was released, the band moved to L.A. and began rehearsing.

Truth be told, Starr was in the band before Haggis ever heard him sing. "He was in the band before the band ever existed," he explains. "I was in the Cult, and Rick [Rubin] was like, 'You're not happy. You want to form a band and be on Def Jam?' He took a big gamble, and I really appreciated that. We were signed to Def American for a year, and he never heard one song. He didn't know anything that was going on. He'd never heard us. He was supporting us. We were being paid for eating pizza and hanging out," Haggis recalls happily. "He took a gamble, and I guess it paid off."

Apparently Frank Starr is the stuff that legends are made of. "He was an alcoholic bum who used to hang out at the Rainbow," explains Haggis. "He had brown corduroy bell bottoms, and that was what got him the gig. He had brown curly hair that he cut so it looked like a mushroom. It was incredible." His list of accomplishments does not stop there. "Frank's thinking of getting his dick tattooed with the new glow-in-the-dark ultraviolet ink," Haggis continues. "He's serious. Frank has been known to have sex three times a day with three different women. Frank is just 'Have a willie, will travel.' Frank is a human f?!king machine. Frank just f?!ks. And f?!ks and f?!ks."

Which leaves him little time to write songs. So Haggis does, which is fine by him, as he dislikes touring and would like nothing more than to stay home—which is New York—and write songs.

Haggis is prolific, but doesn't sweat it. "Lyrics, smiricks," he snorts. "I have songs that I write from the heart, and I have songs that are like, 'Who cares?' There's a song on the album that was written about Axl, and there was one that was written about Frank. One has meaningful lyrics, one doesn't. 'Tired Wings' is about Axl. I didn't sit down and go, 'I'm gonna write it about Axl.' It happens. I wrote a song, and it happened to apply to him."

Presumably "Can't Stop Rockin'," the ode to Frank, is the tune with the "who cares" lyrics. But even "who cares" lyrics can pack a punch. Musicologist Haggis, a huge fan of '70s rock, raises the question, "Why were Bon Scott's lyrics great? All his lyrics had double meanings, innuendos, jokes, but they were really clever. Other bands have tried to be like that. You know who would be the perfect idiot savants? Black Sabbath. They were just four f?!king retarded guys who just rocked and wrote the greatest songs. But by their own admission they had no idea what they were doing. They were just high all the time."

But Black Sabbath had chemistry, as do the Four Horsemen. "As personalities," however, "everyone hates each other. We never see each other; we never hang out," claims Haggis. Honestly? "Yes. The only time I ever see Frank is when we do an interview, or we've been in the studio, or when we rehearse."

Haggis knows chemistry when it hits, especially because he didn't have it onstage with Guns N' Roses. "Halfway through the set Axl looked at Slash, and I could see the eye contact. It was something along the lines of, 'Haggis doesn't know these songs, so why don't you do a guitar solo so he doesn't embarrass us.' So we all went off stage while Slash did a solo for about ten minutes, because I hadn't learned the songs," he relates rather proudly. "Three months before, they sent me a tape of the songs I had to learn, like 14 songs. I learned them on the plane on the way up to the gig. They played in Calgary, at the Saddledome, supporting Iron Maiden. My style of bass playing is 'A-A-A-A-A-A-A,' while Duff's style is 'dum-dee-del-dum.' He plays it like lead guitar. It's almost like Izzy is the bass player of the band. It's really weird. I got up there, and they all laughed at me because I put my flares on before we got onstage. I walked out, and there was 20,000 people out there, and they went, 'Mr. Brownstone.' And I went, 'A-A-A-A-A-A, B-B-B-B-B-B, A-A-A-A-A-A.' Halfway through the set I was completely confused, and I had no idea what I was doing. I didn't give a shit. It was fun to be playing onstage with them."

Haggis met the Gunners when they opened for the Cult (specifically when Duff asked him to haul his equipment, not knowing he was in the Cult), and became close with the band, even stealing food from the Cult's dressing room for them. "It's so weird now. I don't hang out with them anymore. I know I could call them up, but I also know they're so surrounded by that incredible stooge scene," he relates. "I would just feel like one of those people, going, 'Hey, Axl. How's it going, buddy?' He's got 300 people who want to suck his ass. I didn't know these kind of things existed when I started. I started in this business because I enjoyed playing music. It's like, 'Stop the world, I want to get off.' But once it's going so fast, you can't get off. I don't know how to do anything else. Maybe when I was 17, I could have gone to college or done something else."

Now, however, he's firmly ensconced in the Four Horsemen. And, despite any reservations, Haggis is convinced it's a good thing.

"If somebody asked me if I actually w to be in a rock 'n' roll band, playing, blowjobs in the back of the bus, and drugs and shit, I'd probably say no," mits. "If I could be in the Four Horsem just stay at home all the time, I'd be happier. But I always said this to Rick, the Four Horsemen record is finished, sucks, I'll quit.' " At press time, all 13 were finished. And Haggis was still band. •

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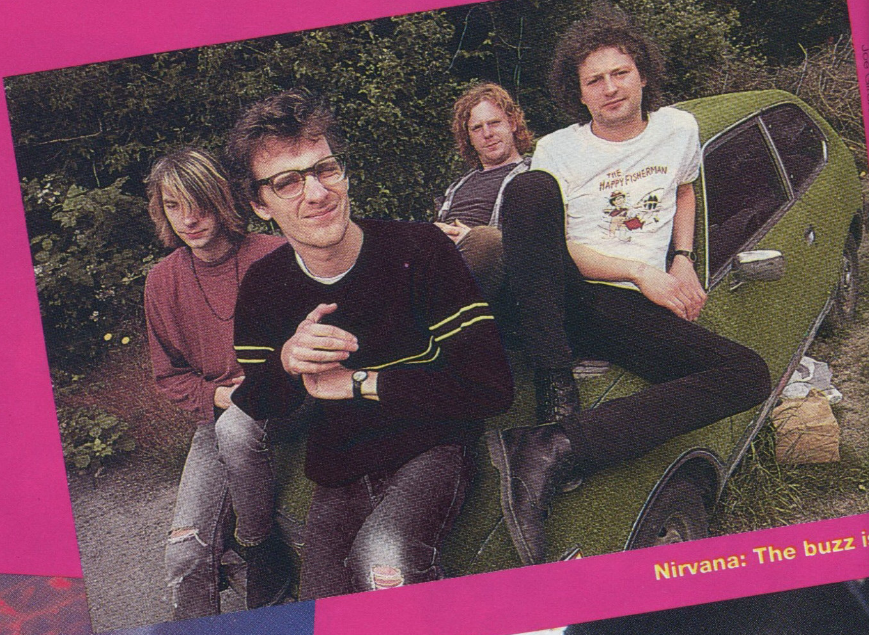
Susie Hatton: "My boyfriend's Bret Michaels. Where do I sign?"

Joe Giron/Photofeatures

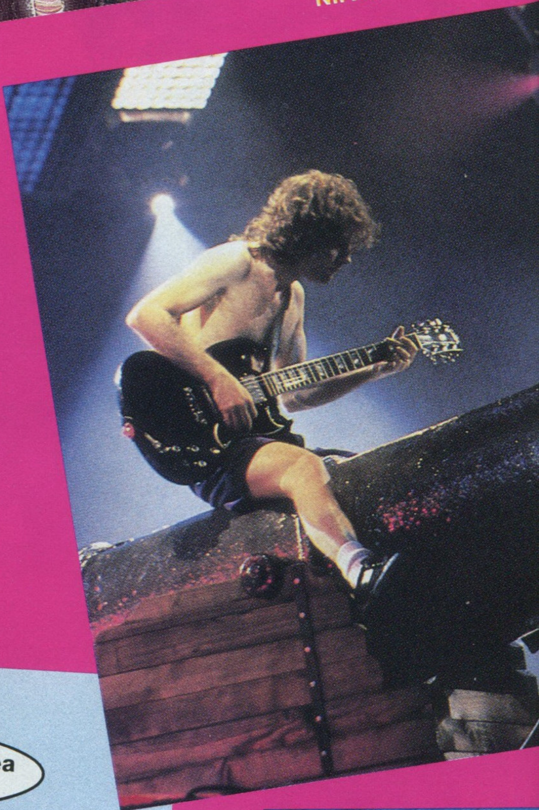
PIT SHOTS


Joe Giron

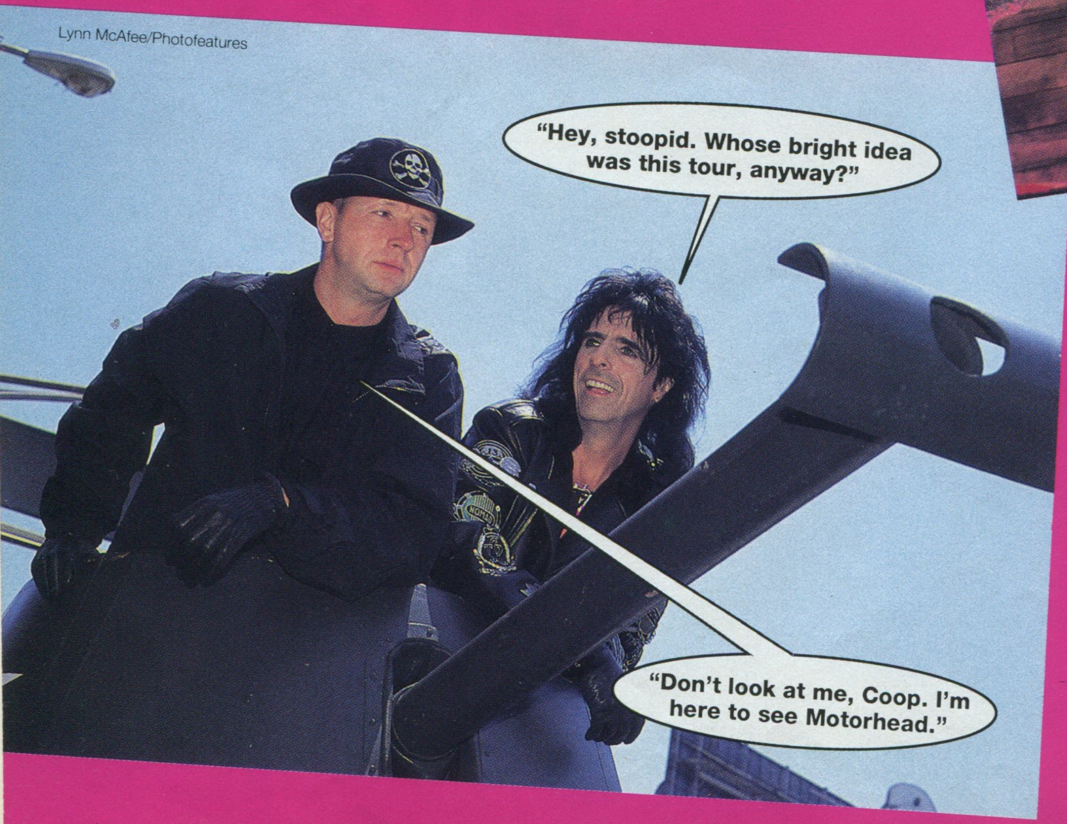
Nirvana: The buzz is

Lisa Johnson

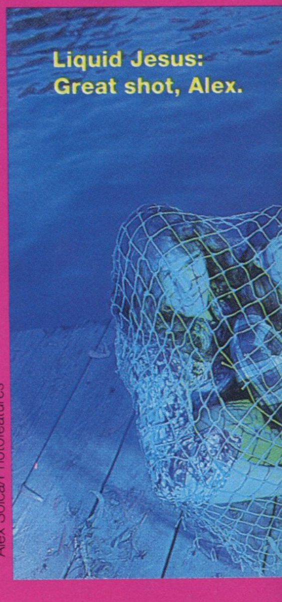
Homicidal concert pose from Slayer's Tom Araya.



Lynn McAfee/Photofeatures

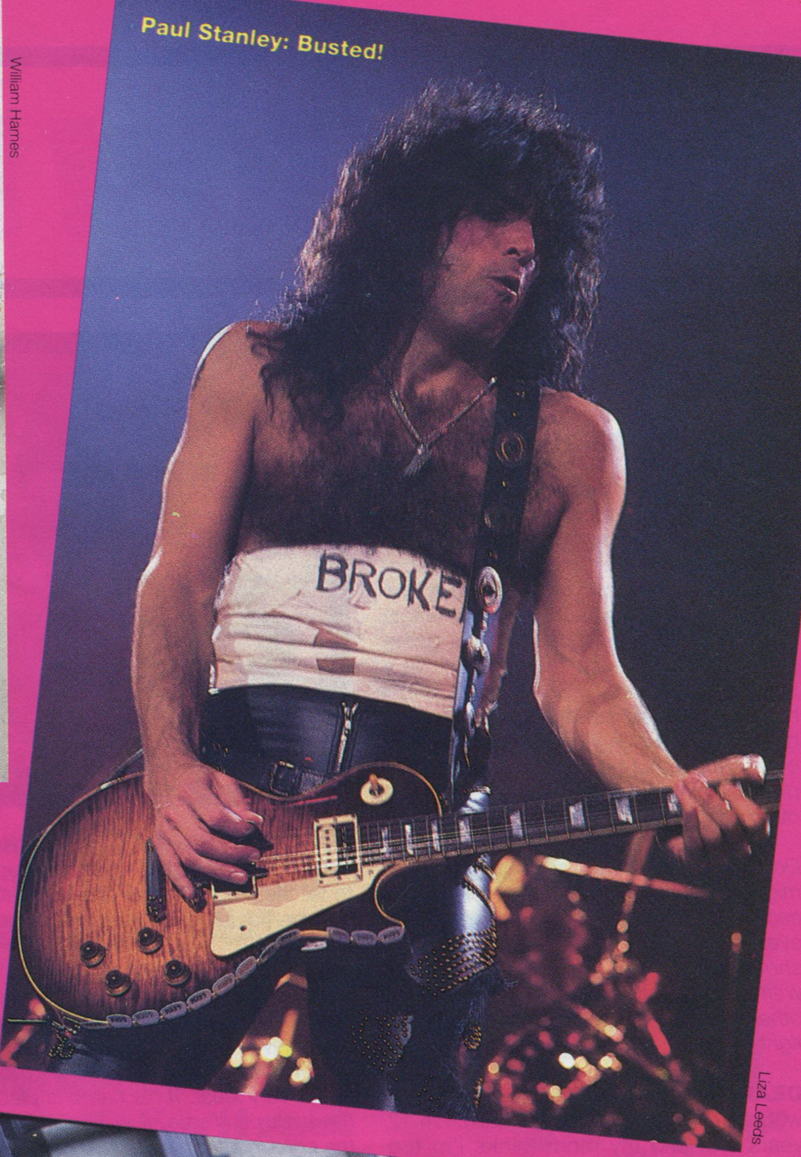

"Hey, stoopid. Whose bright idea was this tour, anyway?"
"Don't look at me, Coop. I'm here to see Motorhead."

Alex Solca/Photofeatures


Liquid Jesus: Great shot, Alex.

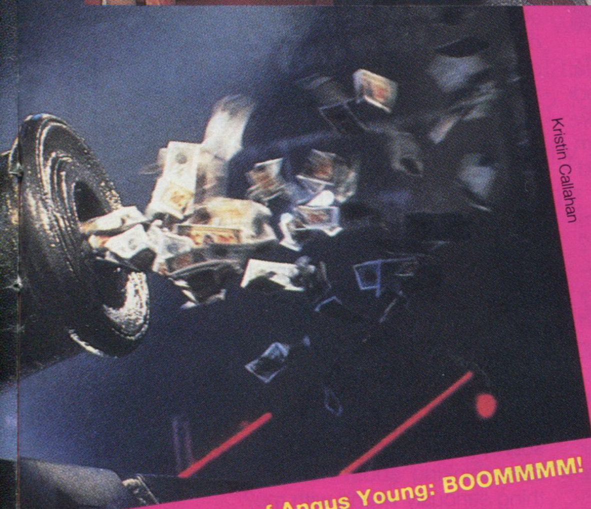
Kix's Steve Whiteman: Hello, ladies....

William Hames

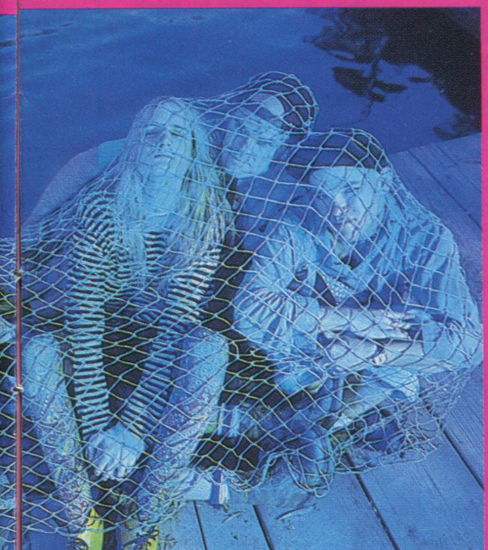


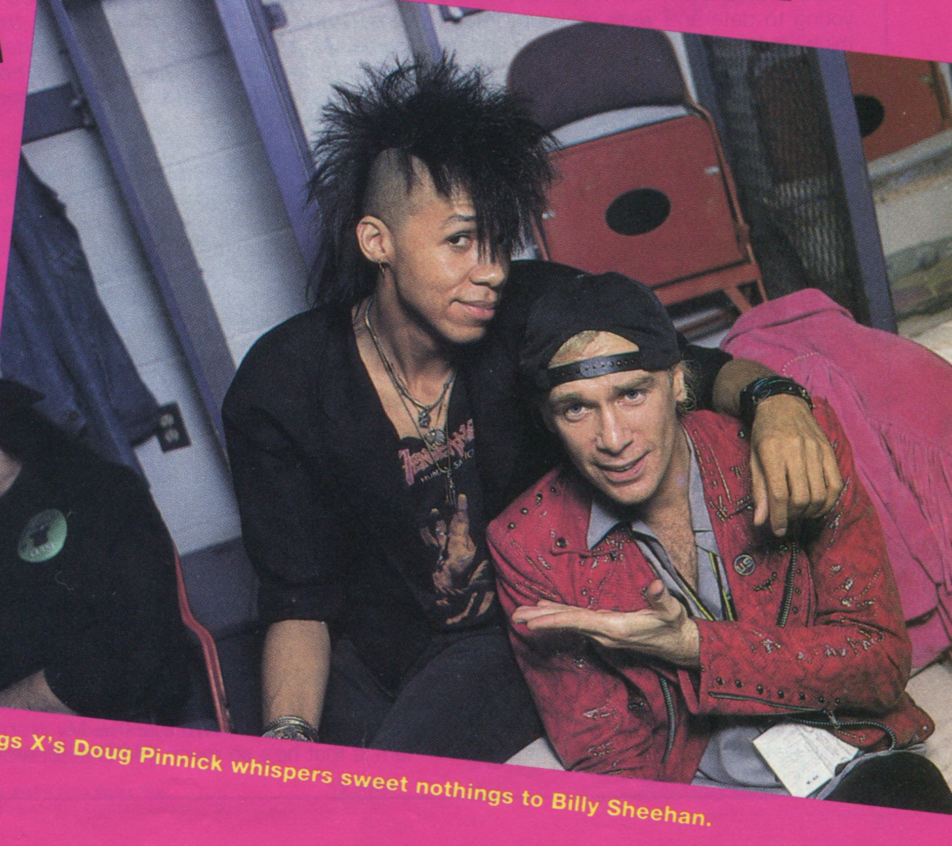
Paul Stanley: Busted!

Liza Leeds


Kristin Callahan

Between the legs of Angus Young: BOOMMMM!




Mark Leialoha

Kings X's Doug Pinnick whispers sweet nothings to Billy Sheehan.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: My boyfriend had to leave town about two months ago because he was having problems with his family and certain friends. He told me that he was going to be gone for two weeks, but it has been two months. He calls me from time to time, but not that often. He says he is working to earn money to come home, but every time we talk, he says he will be delayed for two or three more weeks. I am starting to wonder if he is ever coming back. He says he will and wants me to wait. Our relationship was going perfectly before he left, but we did have a lot of problems before. Since he left, I have been asked out by other guys. I do not see any reason why I should not date other people, but he does. I have tried explaining things to him. Is it wrong to see other people? Help! —Confused

Dear Confused: If he's seldom calling, he might be busy with someone else. Will each call from him extend the time away even more? How long does he feel you should wait? How long do you want to wait? I see nothing wrong with seeing others. Dating is not mating. Do what is right for you.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I wish my mom would stop treating me like a baby. I'm 12 years old, and my mom thinks I'm too young to date and wear makeup. I don't think I'm too young. I want to date and go out with my friends, but Mom won't let me. What should I do?

—Being Treated Like a Baby

Dear Treated Like a Baby: Ask her why. She'll tell you! Don't rush into "becoming older," since it will happen soon enough. Enjoy your early years. So many girls who rushed into maturity are mothers at 15 and 16. Boy-watching years are now; boy-catching comes later. Makeup and dating are always available, but youth isn't. Believe me!

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I have a big problem. I found out about three weeks ago that I'm now eleven weeks pregnant. I told my parents, and they have been very supportive. But when I told the baby's father, he tried to talk me into getting an abortion, which is something I don't believe in. When I said I wouldn't, he tried to talk me into giving it up for adoption, but that is also something I just couldn't do. When he heard this, he told me he didn't want to have anything to do with the baby, and he also didn't want the baby to know he is the dad. I'm only 16, and I simply don't see how I'm going to manage a baby on my own. And what am I supposed to tell the child when he/she wants to know who his/her father is? Please help me, Mom Russell! —Totally Confused

Dear Totally Confused: It took two, him and you, but he wants no involvement? He's eleven weeks too late for this decision. His involvement should be monetary at the very least. If his name is placed on the birth certificate, it will be available for the child in later years. Your parents seem great; now find an attorney who's the same. As a "hit and run" driver, this dad needs a sense of responsibility. Other "only 16's" are managing, and you will too. I'm certain of it.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: Please help me. I have a boyfriend named "Sam." We're serious, and we love each other—or at least I know I love him. He kinda has a reputation as a "ho." I know he's not fooling around behind my back, 'cause there are a lot of people that would tell me. I'm not sure if he loves me, or just likes me. His best buds say he loves me. Should I believe them or have negative thoughts? Help me, Ma.

—Loved?

Dear Loved?: If his best friends say he loves you, but he hasn't said it, then don't believe it. Love doesn't call for a relay team. He may not be fooling around, but he's not settling down either. You may have to let the "ho" go and find someone who will tell you his feelings.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: My boyfriend and I get along most of the time. We've been going out for two months. My problem is that he's so much into skateboarding that he hardly ever talks to me. He never calls me, and the other thing is that he always looks at other girls and whistles at them and, after that, he always talks about them. He also always talks about his ex-girlfriends. I try to ignore it, but it just doesn't seem to work. I always get mad at the tiniest things, and when he asks me what's wrong, I just say, "Nothing." I like this guy a lot, but he always makes me feel hurt. I thought of telling him about this lots of times, but I just can't. Please help!

—Confused

Dear Confused: Some boys are dreams, but you seem to have encountered a nightmare! A boyfriend who doesn't talk to you, doesn't call you, looks and whistles at other girls and talks about his ex's would be rated zero on a one-to-ten scale. You should tell him how you feel while telling him goodbye. Find someone who'll talk about you—to you! This boy seems to have spent too much time with his skateboard!

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: You've got to help me! I'm totally in love with your son. All I do is dream about him. He's so perfect! I always dream about meeting him and letting him have his way with me. Everyone says I'm obsessed. I think I am, but I'll never be satisfied until I can just touch him once. I had a great boyfriend, but he left me because I was so obsessed. I'm scared that I'll lose everything, but I can't stop thinking about him! Is there something seriously wrong with me?

—Wannabe Russell

Dear Wannabe Russell: You must be traveling through another dimension to think my son is perfect! He's human, and that is far from perfection. An obsession of the mind leads to a recession of the spirit. Mark Slaughter, Axl Rose, Sebastian Bach, etc., are probably all obsessions for some girls. Obsessions are like compulsive eating disorders; they can ruin your life. Considering anyone perfect is not realistic. Take control and return to living. Get another great boyfriend and focus your thoughts on him. That's an obtainable objective.

Dudes and dudettes, if you've got a problem that's got you stumped, write to Mista Bone's mom. Send your pleas for help to DEAR MOM RUSSELL, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, California 90210.

NOTE: The opinions of Ms. Russell do not necessarily represent those of RIP magazine.

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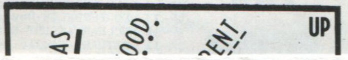
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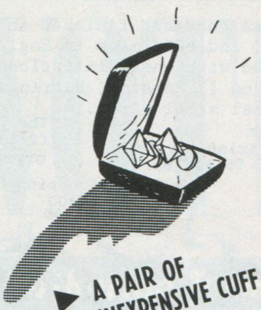

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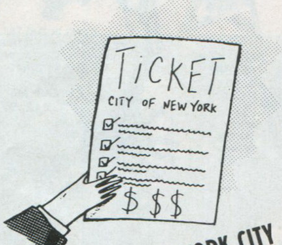
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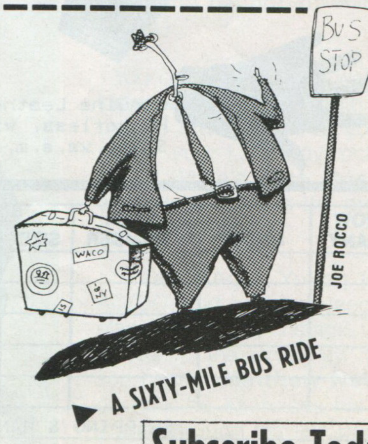
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KILLER KWOTES

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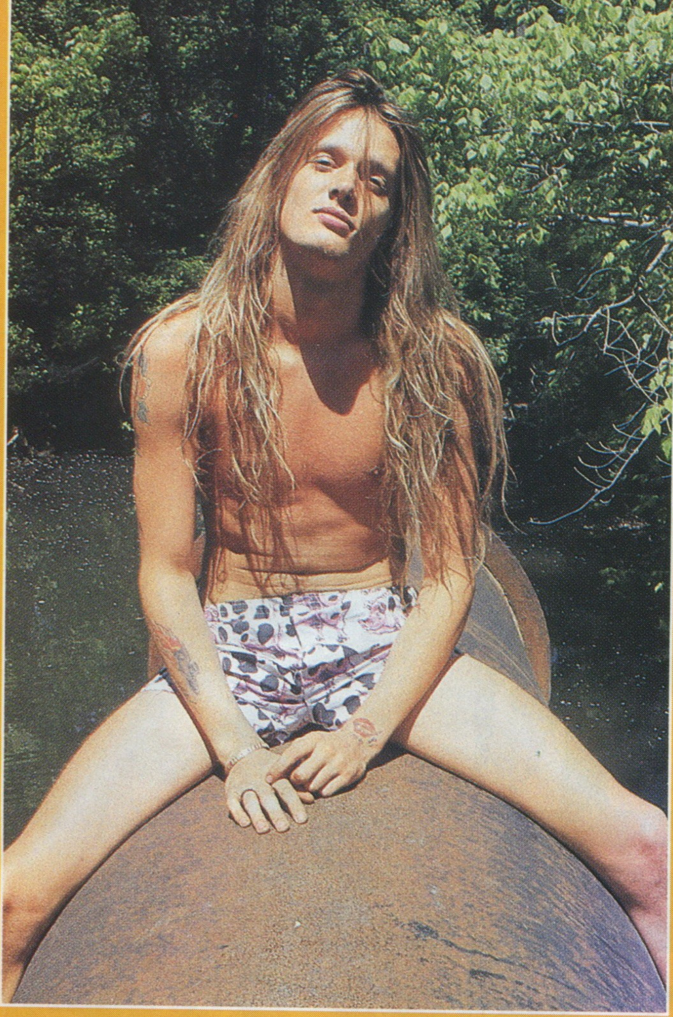


Robert John

“A growing boy needs his greens.” (**Sebastian Bach** on a certain leafy recreational substance.)

“Hair Club For Men.” (**Galactic Cowboys**’ answer to the question “Who/what cause would you play a benefit for?”) →

“It’s sorta like you’re homeless and just waiting for the days to pass.” (Electric Angels’ bassist **Jonathan Daniel** on what it’s like when his band’s not recording or playing.)

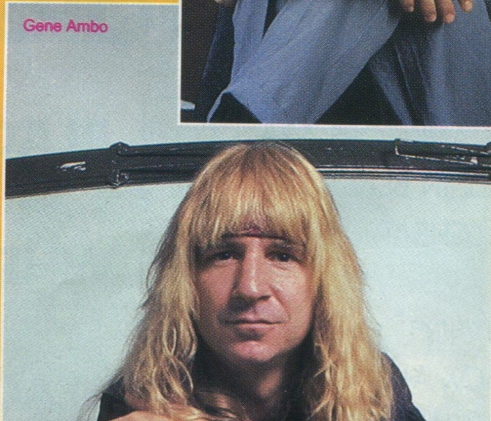
“It’s cool to act stupid. It’s not cool to *be* stupid.” (**Alice Cooper** on his new tune “Hey Stoopid.”)

““I’m always amazed at how this band can agitate people without even trying.” (**Bryn Bridenthal**, Geffen VP of Media & Artist Relations, on... guess what band? You got it, Guns N’ Roses.)

“Guys walk by and yell at me, ‘I touch myself!’ ” (Divinyls’ **Christina Amphlett** on the onanistic comments inspired by the song “I Touch Myself.”)

“I remember looking at our first video, wondering if it would go anywhere. My gut-level feeling was, *This band might happen*, but then again, I didn’t want to be too optimistic and get my feelings hurt.” (Guess **Mark Slaughter**’s feelings aren’t too hurt—and neither is his band account!)

“She had a blond wig on. She said, ‘Hey, man, give me the microphone.’ I turned it on, and she said, ‘Get a beat going.’ She started rapping about all this sex stuff while I played drums.” (Neverland drummer **Scott Garrett** recalling the time a prostitute paid a surprise visit to the band’s Hollywood rehearsal studio.)



Gene Ambo

“Now that Poison’s out of the way, we can go right to the top.” (A slightly sarcastic **James Hetfield** on the rumored breakup of one of his not-so-favorite bands.)

You can’t go onstage wearing loafers and a bathrobe with your beagle sitting next to you in ← your La-Z-Boy rocker.” (Great White’s **Jack Russell** on how to achieve the proper concert demeanor.)

“I saw Angus Young from AC/DC, and he’s from another planet when he’s onstage. I kinda feel I’m the same way.” (Nelson bassist **Matthew Nelson** on how he exorcises his demons through his live performances.)

SOUND REPORT

Looking for a new guitar, amp or stero, but don't want to look all over town? Well, now you can check out the very best in musical equipment right in your own home—here in SOUND REPORT! Manufacturers: Send your merchandise, press kits and black-and-white stills to SOUND REPORT, c/o Rip Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, California 90210. ***Edited by Jeff Moses***

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It's Friday afternoon. In hours you'll be playing a show in front of living, squirming people. Your equipment's all ready, except for the PA. The shop down the street won't rent you one for baseball cards and your sexy cousin's phone number. Whaddaya do? Steal your parents' stereo and do a little creative rewiring?

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NADY

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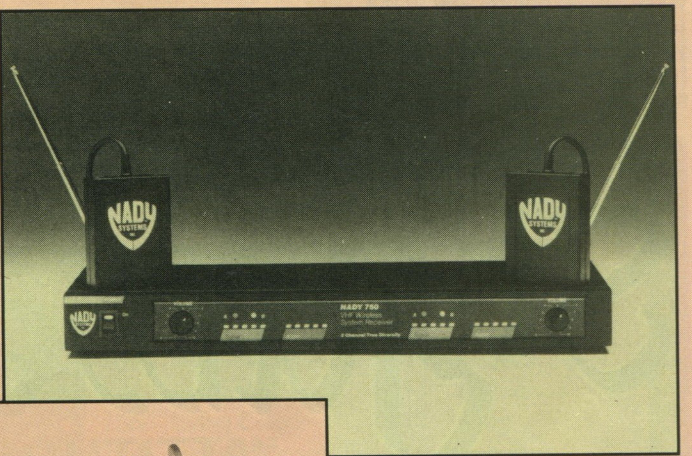
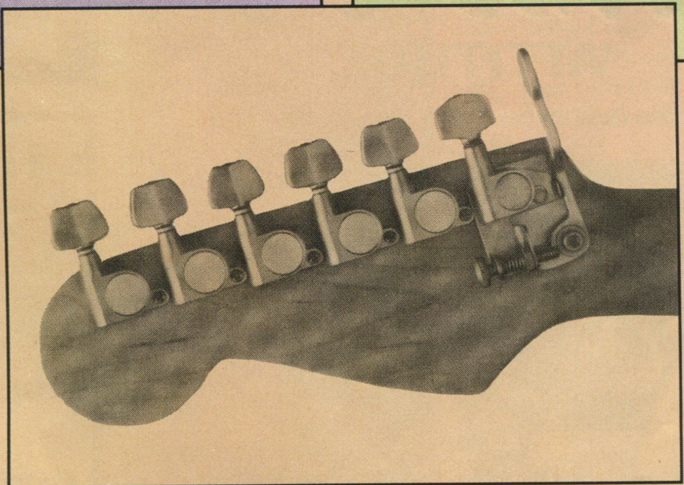


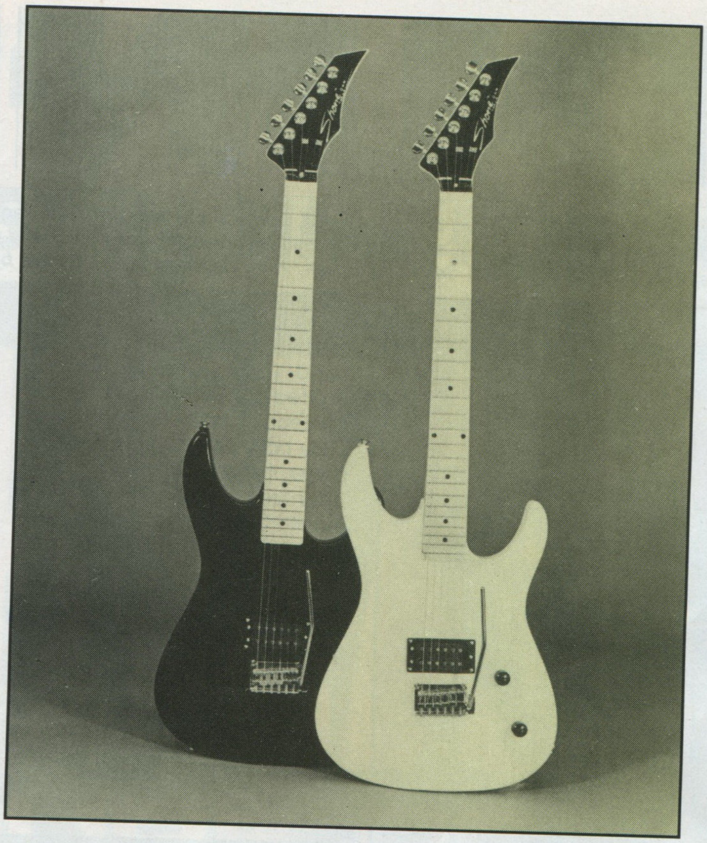


HIPSHOT

Guitar Extender Key

Not to be confused with products advertised in the backs of certain adult magazines, the Guitar Extender Key is a simple contraption that will greatly increase the range and usefulness of your electric or acoustic guitar. Simply put, the Key is a doohickey that replaces the machine head for your low E string. The electric guitar model is based on a Schaller M6 mini, and the acoustic utilizes a Grover machine.

After setting the screw according to the instructions, flip the lever and drop the tuning of your string one full step—down to a D! Metal addicts will find the lower bottom end available savagely chunky, while acoustophiles will rave about finger picking and alternate tuning possibilities. No matter what your musical tastes are, the Guitar Extender Key will open up new vistas of playing pleasure. You may even don a feather boa, chaps and fedora, break into a medley of famous cabaret tunes and do the splits for the first time. To find out where to get one, write to Hipshot Music Products, 7726 Burnet Ave., Van Nuys, CA 91405.



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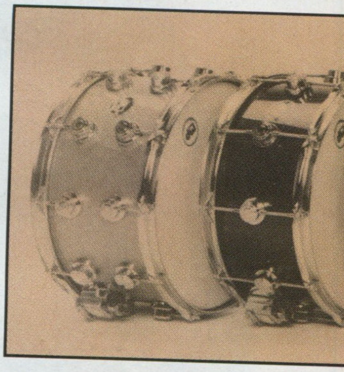

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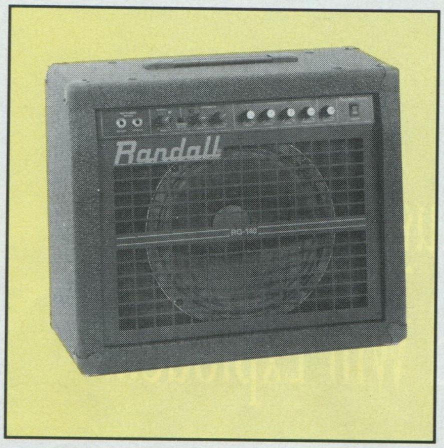
For prices and more scuttlebutt, write to U.S. Music Corp., 2885 South James Dr., P.O. Box 51327, New Berlin, WI 53151.



DRUM WORKSHOP

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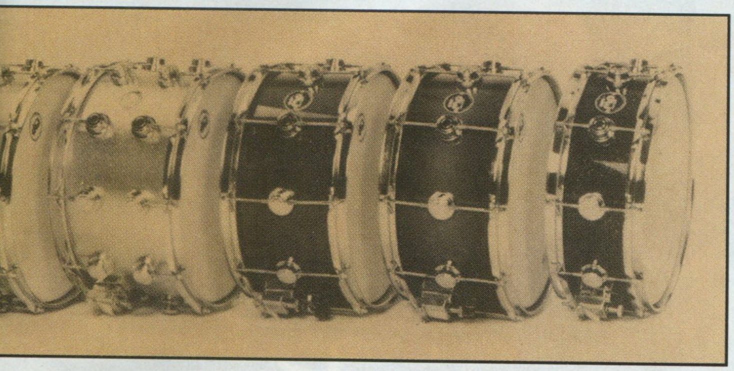
You dine on virgin king salmon and sterilized Russian caviar, and drink denatured Dom Perignon. You are an uncommonly civilized drummer. As such, you demand the most from your equipment, especially your snare. Surely you've heard of DW's new 10+6 maple shell snares? Oh, pooh.

These beauties sport a ten-ply maple shell with six-ply maple reinforcing hoops. The hoops help contribute to the high-pitched "crack" that makes these DW snares so rare. The sound generated by the shell even contributes to noticeably higher levels of playing comfort and sensitivity. Plus, these pups come with exclusive Timbre Matched shell selection, guaranteed precision bearing edges and a good assortment of FinishPly or hand-rubbed lacquer finishes. If you must beg for further convincing, drop a query to Drum Workshop, Inc., 2697 Lavery Ct., Unit #16, Newbury Park, CA 91320.



DOD ELECTRONICS

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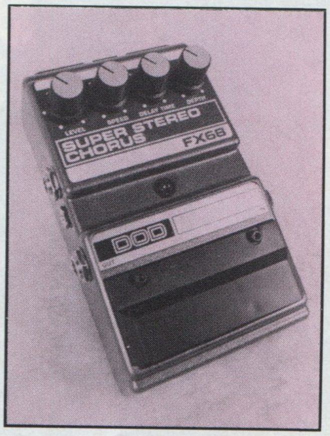

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150	John Kay & Steppenwolf
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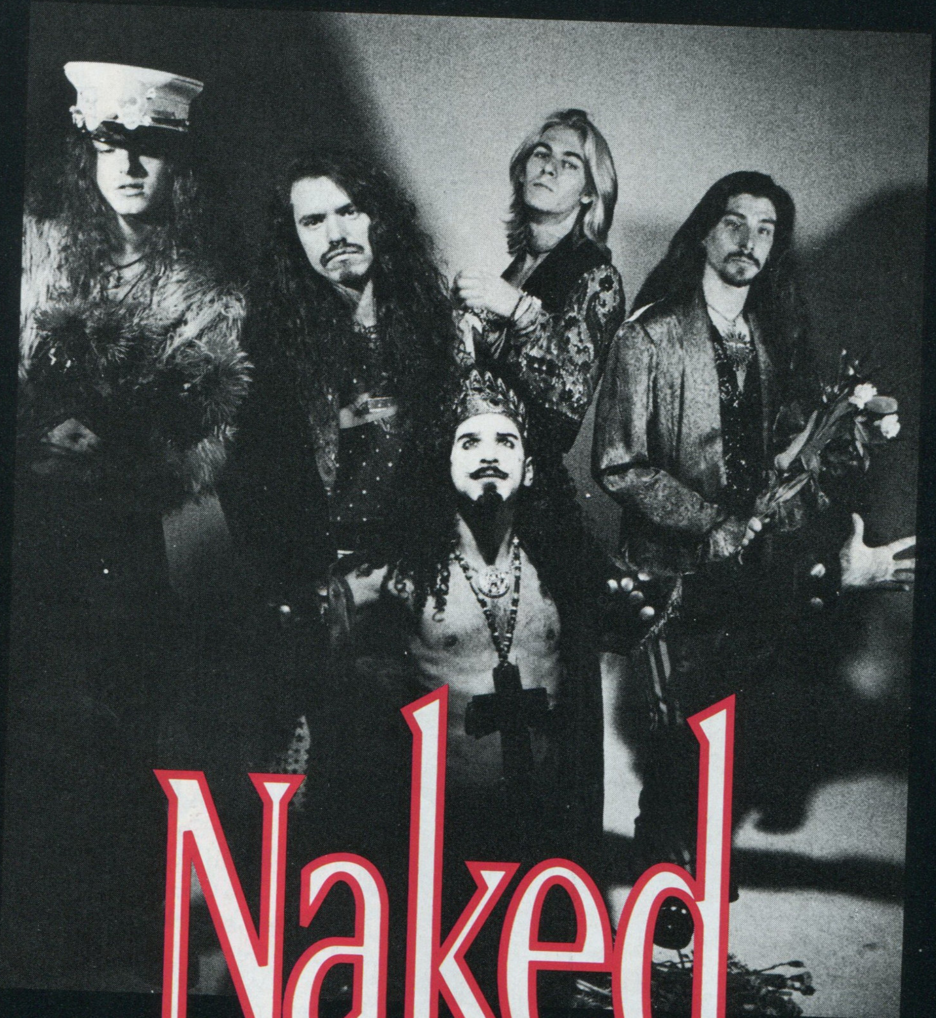

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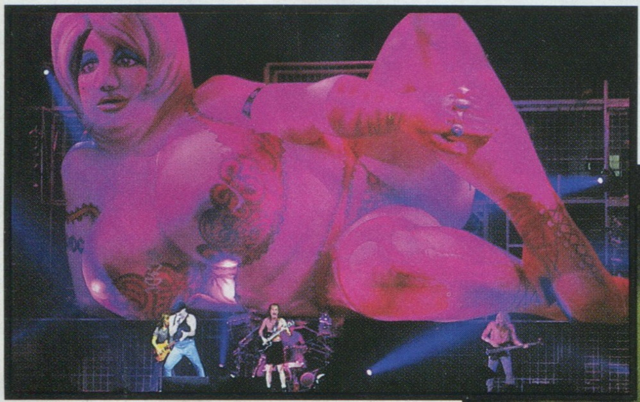
NOISE

GIG OF THE MONTH

AC/DC • L.A. GUNS
Los Angeles Sports Arena

MTV veejay Riki Rachtman sauntered across the stage of the L.A. Sports Arena and announced L.A. Guns, and the crowd jumped to their feet. The hometown heroes opened with "Slap in the Face," sounding mighty tight after a year spent recording their latest release, *Hollywood Vampires*. They played with all the exuberance of a well-rehearsed garage band that suddenly finds itself running amok on an enormous stage. Vocalist Phil Lewis had some mic problems during "Gypsy," forcing him to share with Kelly, and then they dedicated "Dirty Love," a tightly grooving grinder, to Rachtman. The guys really are heavier live than on tape, and despite some sound problems and the off-timing of their drummer, they performed admirably on this, the second night of the tour. "Never Enough" was next, the crowd roaring while Tracii shredded, then they followed through with the first single off the new record, "Kiss My Love Goodbye," a bluesy hip-thrusting anthem that Phil described as a "F?!k you, bitch, I'm gonna get you back some day song." "Ballad of Jane" was greeted with a battalion of Bics, and the catchy chorus of "One More Reason" featured intense vocals by Phil, who slithered along the mic cord and serenaded Tracii on the runway. "Rip and Tear" provoked fist-flailing and hair-swinging, ending an unseasoned but good set full of great songs.


Neil Zlozower

Rick Gould/ICP

"We ain't that professional, but we *are* the real thing!" announced AC/DC vocalist Brian Johnson, and from the opening guitar grind of "Thunderstruck," the crowd, fists punching skyward, were on their feet, heads a-bobbin' to the unmistakable thump-and-rumble of the masters. Legendary guitarist Angus Young stomped, duck-walked and grimaced his way around the stage, decked out in his traditional schoolboy outfit, while rhythm guitarist and brother Malcolm Young stood stock still except for the constant jerking of one leg to the pounding of drummer Chris Slade and pumping bass of Cliff Williams. Johnson looks pretty fit and trim for being the forty-something rocker that he is. He strutted back and forth, enticing the die-hard crowd into a frenzy, then launched into "Shoot to Thrill." The band held the arena in the palms of their hands, and were as tight as ever on this second jaunt through L.A. When they broke into "Back in Black," the crowd roared its approval. AC/DC is probably rock's most unpretentious band. They are completely devoid of any rehearsed, cliche choreography. Their set covers all the bases, from classics like "Hell's Bells," "You Shook Me All Night Long," their only "ballad," "She's

(continued on page 94)

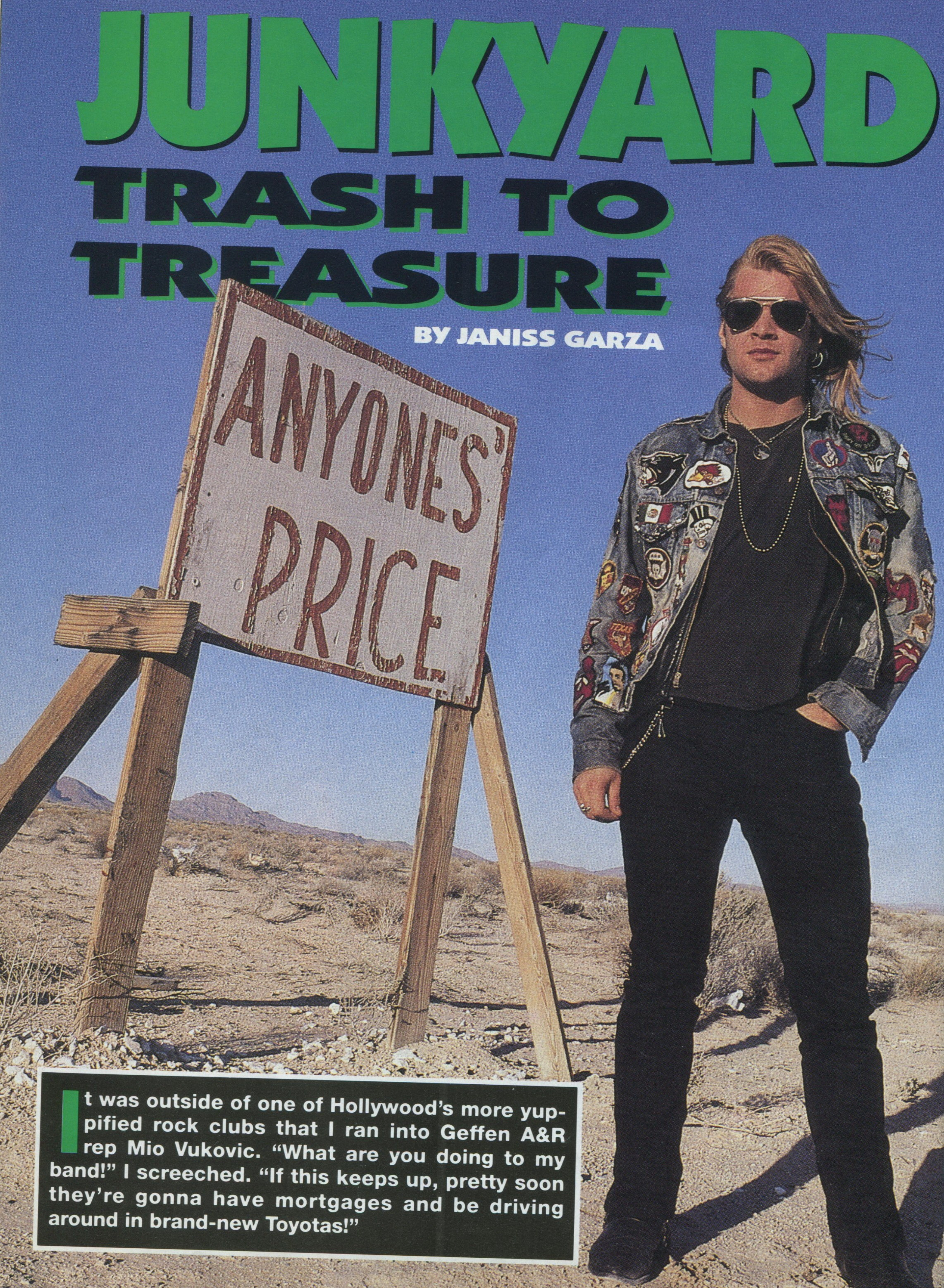
Neil Zlozower

By Kristina Estlund

JUNKYARD

TRASH TO TREASURE

BY JANISS GARZA



It was outside of one of Hollywood's more yuppified rock clubs that I ran into Geffen A&R rep Mio Vukovic. "What are you doing to my band!" I screeched. "If this keeps up, pretty soon they're gonna have mortgages and be driving around in brand-new Toyotas!"

"Oh, I don't think it's gonna quite come to that," Mio replied in an attempt to placate me.

What had changed me from a mild-mannered reporter into a screaming maniac on Sunset Boulevard? The news I had just heard about Junkyard. The week the group's new album, *Sixes, Sevens & Nines*, was released, it sold nearly 100,000 units, and its single, "All the Time in the World," was added to 120 radio stations. It looked as if the lowlife scumbags I had known and loved for the past five years were poised on the near end of respectability. So I should have been thrilled, right? Actually, I *was* thrilled—after all, it's not every day that a band I helped discover gets a real shot at the big time. It's just that the word *respectability* seemed incongruous next to my image of Junkyard. Even though the record contained a couple of my all-time favorite Junkyard tunes ("Misery Loves Company" and the rollicking "Lost in the City"), the polish of the production made me wonder if maybe there was something within the psyches of these guys that was willing to drop the torn-denim trappings and opt for—gasp!—mainstream acceptance. The very thought curdled my blood.

Perhaps my worries were a bit premature, because when I met with the Junkyard guys at their rehearsal studio, guitarist Chris Gates informed me, "We're still so far below the poverty level that we didn't even notice the recession! We can tell the economy's getting bad when macaroni and cheese isn't four for a dollar anymore."

"But you don't ever feel any pressure to try to be more commercial?" I asked hopefully.

"Fortunately for us," Chris firmly stated, "every single person involved with us on a business level knows that we are what we are, and there's really no point in trying to make us anything else."

"Plus, if we try to be more commercial," guitarist Brian Baker pointed out, "all we'd do is alienate everybody we know, play really shitty music and fail, and be stuck this way for the rest of our lives."

The truth of the matter, however, is that, for a while, Junkyard's industry associates *did* try to help the band out with its songwriting. "It was mostly because we were being completely unproductive," Chris explained.

"And insolent too," Brian admitted. "We were sitting in a room with a lot of equipment, and we 'wrote,' like, the Robert Johnson catalog. I mean, we were just jamming. We'd play blues songs for, like, 45 minutes and just go home."

"We were getting absolutely nothing done, and they were beginning to panic," Chris continued. "So they tried to send some writers our way. That was annoying. That was more annoying than trying to write our own songs. So we just wrote our own."

"The first guy," singer David Roach gruffly recalled, "he walked in and said we were the most unprofessional band he'd ever seen. He couldn't believe we had a record contract."

Let me digress here to mention that whoever this guy was, he must have had his head up his ass, because the Junkyard I know is one of the most organized outfits in Hollywood. I'll never forget the time, back in 1986, that drummer Pat Muzingo joined the band. He'd just left a wonderful, but completely self-destructive San Francisco group called Pirates Of Venus. Grinning from ear to ear, he told me, "The guys in Junkyard are great! Everyone shows up for rehearsal on time, and we even have band meetings once a week!" You have to realize that for bands —especially L.A. bands—this is no mean feat. And once they got a deal and their responsibilities grew, they rose to the occasion. They met all their obligations without complaint (well, for the most part) and generally did what was expected of them (well, usually). If, on occasion, they went over the top, as musicians sometimes do, they still managed to keep their people at Geffen satisfied. Most of the time. Which brings us back to Brian....

"You know, the main thing wasn't the songwriters. We got productive as soon as we had a rehearsal space with air conditioning."

David nodded in agreement. "Between the air conditioning and this pro writer coming in and calling us losers, that's when we got to writing again."

Actually, Junkyard did have a little help with the songs on *Sixes, Sevens & Nines*, but not from some gussied-up Desmond Child wannabe. The original version of "Clean the Dirt" was written by guitarist Mike Martt, a longtime friend of Junkyard's and a fixture on the L.A. scene. And the moody, moving "Slippin' Away" was cowritten by country-rock artist Steve Earle. "That wasn't like an outside writer; that's a friend of mine," Chris explained. The two met years ago through Junkyard's former A&R rep, who is married to Earle.

"Slippin' Away," Chris continued, "was originally about Andrew from Love Bone, who I thought was phenomenal. I had the intention of making the whole song about that, and then Steve brought home the point that there was a lot more to the subject. He broadened it out lyrically. So there's a verse about not being able to go home, and a verse about somebody dying and...."

"Junkyard depression," Brian interjected. He did have a point. After all, Junkyard's music isn't exactly about happy times. Angry, aggressively brooding and just plain ornery is a much better description. Makes you sorta wonder what kind of families these guys come from. Brian answered my unasked question. "My mom said, 'This record is much better than your first one. I think it's great, but all the songs are so *sad*. Are you okay out there? Do you need some money?' " The room burst into laughter, and he had to shout over the din to continue. "See, I didn't think it was depressing! I thought there was a little angst to it, but my mom, well, I guess she's my mom. She was worried about me. She wants me to be in Jellyfish or something."

"Things that don't even depress us might completely destroy the normal person," Chris said with a knowing chuckle.

Or even the normal band. After the record was in the can and ready to be released, Junkyard had to change bass players. Old friend Todd Muscat eased in without a hitch. Yes, he's related to Faster Pussycat's Brent Muscat—they're brothers—and, no, that's not a fake name. "People come up to me and ask if that's my real name—'You're using your brother's stage name!' Yeah, right, f?!k off." Todd and Pat had played together in the punk outfits Decry and Shanghai, and everyone knew each other. So why didn't Todd join Junkyard in the first place? "That's when I was in Damn Yankees," he recalled. "I thought we were going to get a record deal." This Hollywood-bred Damn Yankees, by the way, bore absolutely no resemblance to the Ted Nugent group that formed a few years later. So much for assumptions.

Junkyard has also hired a keyboard player. That gave me pause. Some piano-playing dude in the midst of the chaos these guys create onstage? "It gives us something else to put our beers on," David grunted.

"'Slippin' Away' was written based around the organ part and the acoustic guitar," Chris reasoned. "Without the organ, it doesn't work."

Brian added, "Plus, my favorite bands in the world have always had key—" his face screwed up with distaste. "Keyboard's such

Alex Solca/Photofeatures

a bad word! It sounds like Gerardo to me."

"We're talking about piano and organ," Chris reminded me. "And I always *hated* piano and organ and swore I'd never play with them. But that was before I started hanging out with Steve and was forced to listen to a lot of songwriters and realized how much it could do writing-wise—what was possible, what wasn't possible with just two guitars. I can play an acoustic guitar on a song if I want now, because there's a keyboard filling things up."

That makes sense. Perhaps Junkyard's growing beyond some of the more destructive elements of its punk-based past, although Chris admitted that when it comes to their live shows, "It's always a race to see whether we can destroy the equipment or finish the set list first." But when it comes down to business, the approach of these drunken wildmen is definitely sober. "We didn't hold out for an enormous advance," Chris said of their original deal with Geffen "We got enough money to do things right and that's all that matters. We didn't need enough money for all of us to buy Corvettes on the first advance, because we'll still get to make a third album. You know, you can buy your rock-star car the first month, and when your record comes out, and it sucks, and it doesn't sell, and your life's over in a year...."

"I bought my rock-star car," Brian insisted. "It was eleven hundred bucks!"

"And it's still running after three years," Pat added. "And you can live in that thing!"

That's Junkyard for you—ready to tackle any twist of fate, good or bad. And as far as I'm concerned, they can drive anything they want—just as long as they don't wimp out and go for some goddamn, mommy-hubby Toyota. •

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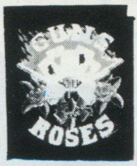
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G3018 GUNS N ROSES

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BA308 AC/DC-Razor's Edge,bl
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BC010 Cinderella-Censorship/is/unamerican.
GI222 DANZIG-photo/lucifuge new.
T22 DANGER DANGER-Album,group
G8290 DEPECHE MODE-World Violation
W002 DANGEROUS TOYS-New album
GD13 DOKKEN-Up from the ashes bl.
W9050 THE DOORS-Jim Morrison
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GF301 FAITH NO MORE-logo,tour
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BF312 GREAT WHITE-Mr.Bone Sez.bl.
BG008 GUNS N' ROSES-Lies,wh.
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BG317 GUNS N' ROSES-Broken Heart,bl.
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G0330 L.A. GUNS-Vampirette
NM533 LOVE/HATE-group bl.
WL605 LYNCH MOB-wicked sense. New!
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BR13 MEGADEATH-Peace Sells, bl.
GI09 MISFITS-Earth A.D.
WL555 MOTERHEAD-Skull/Born To Lose,bl.
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BO344 MOTLEY CRUE-Crue fans/feelgood, bl
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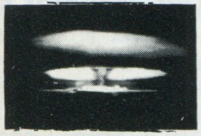
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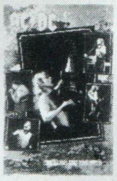
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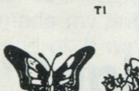
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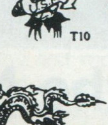
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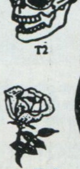
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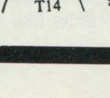
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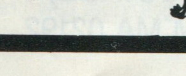
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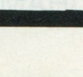
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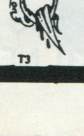
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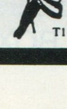
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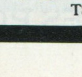
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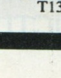
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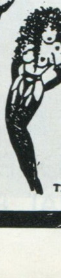
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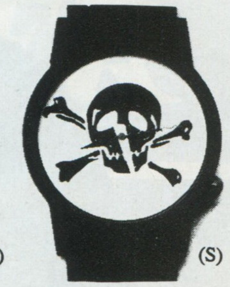
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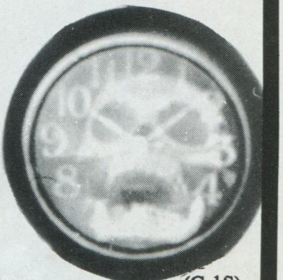
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Tired of listening to what some stuffy old rock critic has to say about your favorite performers? Well, let the stars speak for themselves! Every month here in *Idol Chatter* read what hot musicians have to say about various topics of the day, including who they are, what they play and whatever else comes to mind!

Edited by Charrie Foglio

IDOL CHATTER

At 26, Lenny Kravitz leads a life built on the wisdom of someone twice his age. His viewpoints bring light and understanding to some of life's most confusing times. He's a true artist. Most known to the general MTV population for his hand in the remake of "Give Peace a Chance" and penning Madonna's steamy hit "Justify My Love," Kravitz's real talents are displayed on his first two albums, on which he wrote, performed and produced almost every note heard. His most recent LP, Mama Said, *brought the likes of Slash to his front door to weave his guitar magic on two of the cuts. The two, as they say, truly made beautiful music together.*

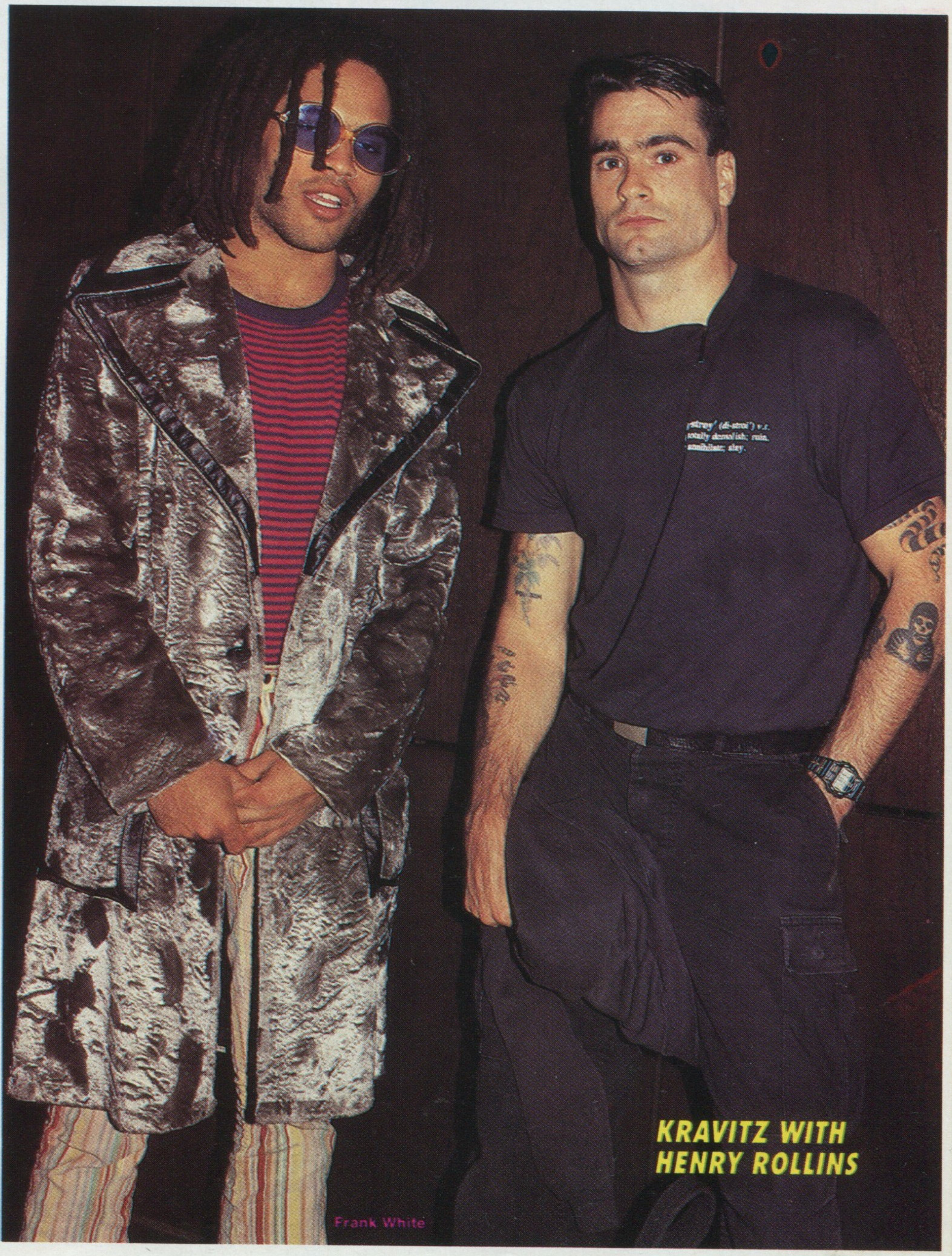
FROM MELLOW TO METAL

by Lenny Kravitz

I was born in Brooklyn, New York, and I've been in love with music since I was five. Music was definitely what I wanted to do, and I haven't rested since. I know that it's hard to believe that a five-year-old knew at that age what they wanted to do with their life, but I really heard the music. I don't mean just hearing it, I mean feeling all the instruments and all the melodies. I dug it.

The influence came from my parents' record collection. Everything from Led Zeppelin to the Jackson 5. I had a great time listening to those records. My dad had a guitar around the house when I was around seven or eight, and I just kind of used to beat on it. I didn't really know what I was doing by any means. I ended up taking piano lessons and all that kind of shit, but I wasn't really serious about it. When I was eleven, we moved out to California, and I ended up singing in the California Boys Choir. I recorded with the L.A. Philharmonic and the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York. So, basically, I was pretty wrapped up in the classical scene for about four years.

That whole experience has been really good for me. I didn't think so then, when my mom was suggesting the idea. It was the last thing I wanted to do. I was happy riding skateboards. But it's part of what made me who I am today. The music started hitting me, and before long I was working on rock 'n' roll and starting to really get into it. So I left the classical thing and did the local band thing, and recorded a lot for free. I'd do anything I could to get into the studio. I learned a lot there that I took with me when I made my first record, which I'm really proud of. It was the first representation of me that got out, and I dug it. I dug making it. It was such a great experience, mainly because I didn't have a record company on my ass when I was recording. I just did it. I



KRAVITZ WITH HENRY ROLLINS

Frank White

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Gene Kirkland

had nothing to live up to, and no A&R person telling me what to do. It was a free experience. I virtually still make my records the same way, but that one was special.

I wanted to be in RIP Magazine, because I've always felt that it was good for people to accept each other. I found out through Slash that I had a metal audience. It amazed me. I'm a rocker, but I'm all kinds of things. When Duff and Slash came up and introduced themselves to me at the American Music Awards, Slash said, "You're Lenny Kravitz. I love your record. Me and my old lady f?!k to your music." I couldn't believe it. He told me he wanted to work with me, and I thought it would be a great thing. We exchanged numbers and ended up getting together a few days later.

Slash came down to the studio when I was recording "Fields of Joy," and did the guitar solo. The take that you hear on the record was the first one he did. I didn't want to record any more, because I feel that the first one is always the chance. When you get what's recorded on the first take, you're not faking or f?!king through it. He didn't like what he had done, and asked to do it over, but I didn't want him to. I loved it. I think this kind of freaked him out, but it all turned out great. He just admitted to me the other day that he does like it. It was just a different sort of thing for him.

We wrote "Always on the Run" after we finished "Fields of Joy." We started with a riff, and worked on it again in New York a few months later. I wrote the lyrics and just put the song away for awhile. The two of us had a great time working together, and we've turned out to be each other's biggest fans. We both came from similar backgrounds, as far as a multi-racial background. We grew up with a lot of strange people around—lots of musicians and artists and whatnot. We have a lot in common. He's also a really sweet guy, really nice.

Of all the rock bands out, Guns N' Roses are definitely my favorite. Mainly because they're not posing. They are what they are, and I can appreciate that. And Axl is quite a dynamic singer. My favorite music of theirs is what's coming off of this new record. It's unreal.

I went out with Axl and Sebastian to this club once. Sebastian's a cool guy. Axl and I had to pull him off the stage at this club. That night turned out to be a really weird scene. That man is crazy! I first met him during the recording of "Give Peace a Chance." When he got there, I didn't know too much about him, except that T-shirt incident, which I didn't think was very cool; but you don't judge people on something like that, because you don't know what the situation was in the first place. So I was just real open with him, and he turned out to be the nicest guy. In fact, he came over to my apartment afterwards, and there was this girl downstairs who, like, lives for Skid Row, and he went downstairs after I told him about her, and he stayed and signed autographs and hung out with her for quite awhile. When we went back up to my place, he stayed for like an hour and sang songs and talked. He's the sweetest guy. That whole afternoon was really funny. He's the biggest ham. He made every dream of that 12-year-old's life come true.

The songs off my album that I think rock fans would dig would be "Fields of Joy," "What the F?!k Are We Saying," "Stop Draggin' Around" and "The Difference Is Why."

"The Difference Is Why" is a song about when two people have problems, and the thing that's keeping them apart is just that—they're different. Everyone sees things and has their own truths, know what I mean? We could be in the same situation, and from your side it's completely something different than mine, 'cause your truth is your truth, and you see it the way you see it. The reason a lot of people have this problem is just that they're different than one another. That's how I see it.

In a nutshell, I'm just trying to find truth and understanding and whatever else I can with my mind. I'm interested in where we come from and where we're going to go, that's all. I live by and try to glorify God. I'm always trying to find him...you know? •

Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

DANZIG

BY STEFFAN CHIRAZI

You could pretty much question any of Danzig's beliefs, and it wouldn't matter to the band or the man. Glenn Danzig isn't too interested in arguing a point with someone who is simply arguing for the sake of it; there are too many other things to be getting on with. But blind ignorance can, and will, raise his hackles. "Some people see our videos, and they say all these things about them being the same. I can't see what they mean, because they're just wrong." Glenn sighs, more confused than angry. It *is* a confusing statement, because a couple of things that should be above and beyond all dispute are the quality and imagination behind a Danzig video.

From the stormy sky of "Her Black Wings" right through to the balmy mood of "I'm the One," you would be a liar if you claimed all Danzig videos were carbon copies of each other. As you read this, *Lucifuge: The Video* is out. It's Danzig's second home release; 25 minutes of superbly shot material. In addition to the band's newest clips, you'll also find Glenn running with two wolves, and Chuck Biscuits giving a cereal sermon. The eeriest moment comes when Danzig reads from Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Danzig fans will love this video, and non-Danzig fans may well find their entry into his world via the tape.

I put it to Glenn that this production seems more purposeful than the first video, less mythical. "That's because myself and Vinnie [Giordano, codirector of most Danzig shortforms] have our own production company now; so we have less of other people's ideas, and we were able to do it ourselves. The first one, I don't agree that it was building up myths, because it was more of a documentary thing. We weren't building anything—that was what it was; that was what we shot. Me reading comic books backstage and having the guy barge in to shoot is what happened. The crowd and everything was there. That was one of the craziest shows on the tour, with 20 bouncers onstage trying to control what was goin' on, and kids wiping blood on my chest because the barrier had collapsed. It was a wild show. That was what happened.

Marty Temme

"This video's goin' in a lot more places. It shows a little more personal stuff about the guys in the band. Anyone who knows us knows we have our serious side, which is the whole concept of the band [illustrated in part by Glenn with the wolves], and we have the other side, where we're goofing around. The thing Chuck did [cereal specialist] was perfect, because that is Chuck."

It seems as though the Danzig unit is stronger now. Sometimes before it appeared as though they didn't like each other much, and stayed together mainly because they worked well as a team. Now there seems to be some friendship too.

"We like each other, but you've gotta understand, we don't do what a lot of these bands do, where they go, 'Oohh, we're the best friends in the world.' We see each other a real lot—at rehearsal, on tour—and we don't have to hang out with each other all the time. I mean, there's things we do together—sometimes me and Chuck or Eerie [Von, bassist] will go to a comic-book or toy show—but we all have our private lives, too, and we respect that."

Another side of Glenn Danzig this video reemphasizes is his love of instrumental, soundtrack-style compositions. Some scenes are backed with his own stuff in this vein, and he'll release a collection of songs on Plan 9 this summer titled *Black Aria*.

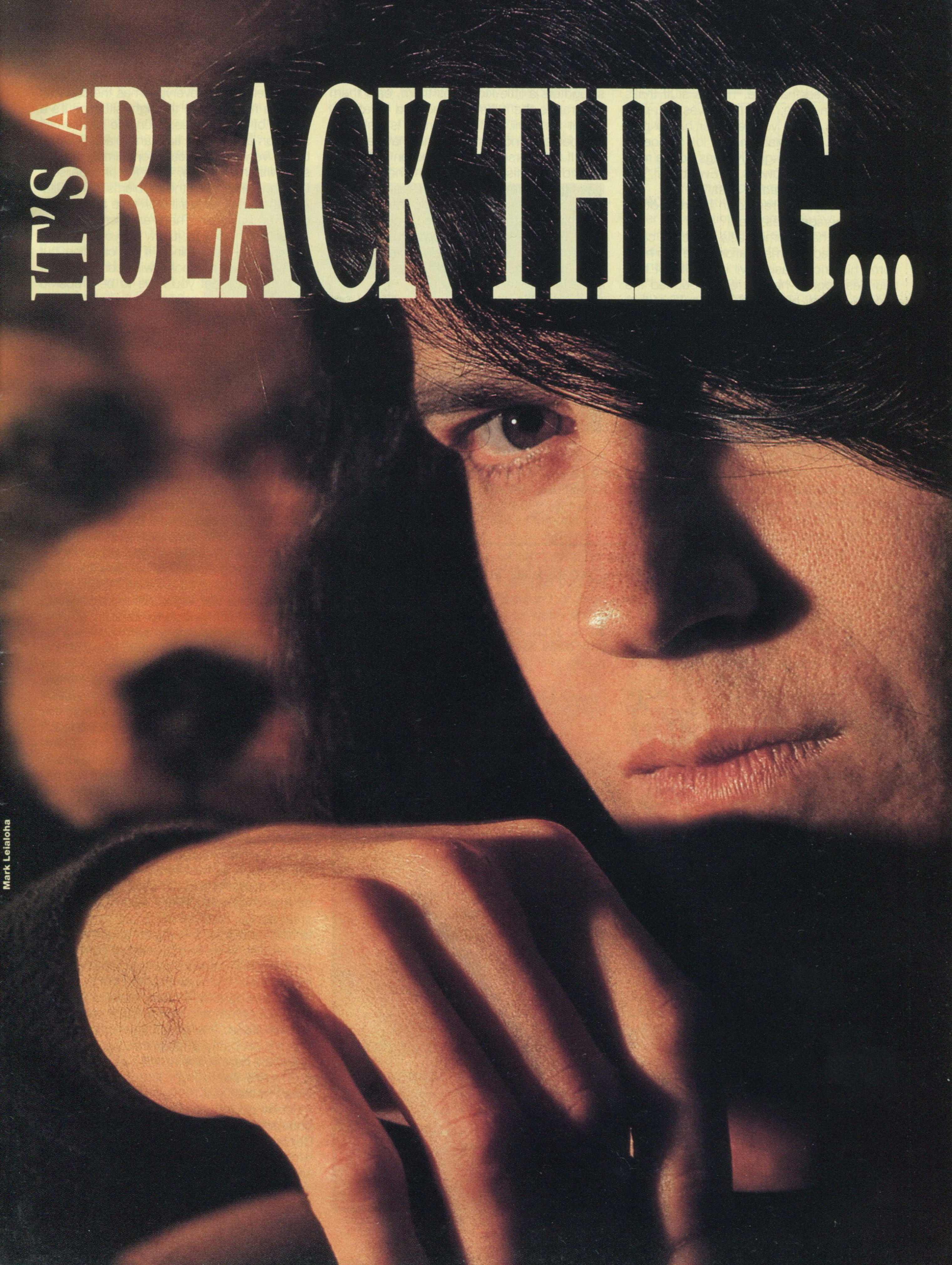
"It's all the old stuff Danzig used to come out onstage to, and the stuff from the last video, and then some of the new pieces. I love that music—not every soundtrack I hear, but there are some very powerful ones. I like Wagner a lot. He's probably one of the biggest influences. I enjoy doing this kind of music, because I don't have to tell a story with lyrics for a change. It's just the music creating the mood. Kids at shows used to ask where they could get the music that the band came out to. I got tired of hearing that, so here it is."

Film also seems to be something Glenn would enjoy pursuing further.

"Yeah, I've always wanted to direct. I started directing some of the last videos because of various things, and I'm learning a lot. I think 'I'm the One,' which Vinnie and I directed together, is really good. And there's a new version, which didn't make the video but will be on TV, that's even stronger."

The reading from *Paradise Lost* was an interesting moment in the video. Glenn and I

IT'S A BLACK THING...



Mark Leialoha

talk about what a daunting prospect it is to sit and read the whole thing.

"Well, you can't read it all at once; you have to read it in parts. There are a lot of books like it; I just picked that one. There's stuff that's very good in there, stuff that gives you perspective on things you've never had a perspective of. Baudelaire has a lot of poems about Satan, and originally I was gonna read something from *Flowers of Evil*, but it just ended up being *Paradise Lost*."

Is he always interested in hearing other people's perspectives of evil?

"It has to have some basis in fact. It can't just be someone's imagination. I like it to have some historical basis. Evil is a subject that countless books haven't even touched the surface of and, of course, it's a subject that would take hours, days and weeks of discussion. There are some people who believe evil doesn't exist. There are some people who think that when someone goes out and slaughters a little kid, skins them, eats them and rapes them beforehand and whatever, that it isn't evil, that the person is just sick. The person is not just sick. They have a problem. If that person cannot function within the bounds of this society, then they should leave this society. This person should understand that if they are gonna do these things, they have to stand up and be responsible for what they've done. They can't just do that and say, 'I didn't do that really. I have a problem. I'm just crazy.' If you do it, you stand by it and take the consequences.

"I feel that everyone has an evil side, and that most people cannot acknowledge it. And this is another thing that annoys me: Evil doesn't necessarily equate with 'devil' or murder or death. However, having said that, I also believe that everyone has the capacity to be a murderer. In the right situation it's a matter of self-defense. Everyone in a certain situation at a certain time and place is capable of very violent acts. Sometimes, as you see with murderers, they kill one person, thinking it'll solve all the problems in their life. And then they realize it won't, so they kill another and another. That's another thing: You have to be able to justify to yourself why you're doing these things. If you can, fine; but be aware that someone will sooner or later find out, and that you have to be prepared to face up to your actions.

"But evil doesn't always involve death or murder or acts of violence. Try to define *evil*, and you'll find you really can't. You have to take it on many different levels. Most people believe 'evil' equals 'devil,' because that's the Catholic shit; whereas maybe lots of money and corruption doesn't equal evil. And power and money *isn't* evil. Sometimes it's very, very good. But, in the wrong hands, it can *become* evil and ruin people's lives. Here's a scenario: Let's say they catch five pseudo-Satanists, or maybe Santeria people, who are often mistaken for Satanists—it's sometimes Santeria, but they blame it on Satanists, because they don't want people to know too much about a Catholic voodoo religion where people are sacrificed—but anyway, there are four people dead as a result. What's more evil: that, or a war where nothing's achieved, and thousands of people are dead?

"We'll spend how many man-hours and tax dollars on police to track down these people instead of investigating all this government bullshit and corruption—the evil there, where a lot of people get hurt. And to me, I'd rather get the people who are responsible for 100,000 lives than the people who killed four."

In the world of Danzig there have been some changes recently. New management, new record deals being negotiated internationally, new merchandisers, and some new music already done and probably in production as you read this.

"It's much harder than anything we've ever done. It's the hardest Danzig album. I think some people felt we were going to do a softer album, and that is not the case. It's fueled by anger, frustration and wanting to write great songs, most of which are mid- to up-tempo, and it isn't going to sound like the last record. There aren't going to be any hits on this album; there's no Top Ten single on it. That's just the way it is. And the record is angry throughout, violent, hateful—everything your mom and dad and the media just cannot stand. [He grins.] It's not just that. There's probably a lot of tenderness, too, but you'll hear it. We're still just working on it. There's one song I like already called 'Heart of the Devil.' "

Honest power and emotion have no feasible obstruction as they hammer down a path. Danzig have a force and passion that is quite simply unfathomable. Don't try to analyze where or what it comes from, and rid yourself of preconceptions. Just get carried into their dark and intriguing world. •

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L.A. GUNS

(continued from page 10)

became the local band in America—Chicago three times, Detroit four in a year—and I loved it. What a great experience for this English boy to come over, be with this American band, and see these places at 4 a.m."

Glen LaFerman

But do you *have* to eat shit before you can enjoy the small things? "I dunno. I would want everybody who wants to do what I do to go through it in America from the start, and I wouldn't wish what I went through in England on my worst enemy," Phil states categorically. "It's really a shame. I have nothing against the English or the English punters at all. Some of the best gigs I ever had were there, and it's because of those English fans that I hung in there. Despite the industry, in spite of the media, the only things that kept me going were those fans and the music."

At this point we hit the root of Lewis's discontent: the British press. Not the first time I've heard that but, come on, it isn't that bad. Indeed, some of the best stories you'll ever read in the rock press come from Britain, and that's a fact. I ask Lewis why whenever he sees someone like me, a British person with a cassette recorder, it seems to create a nightmare for him.

"I hate it. I really hate it." Do you sit and wonder why we want to talk to you? "Oh, I know why you want to talk to me, and I think you *should* want to talk to me, because what I've done is unique," he states strongly, "and sooner or later it's gonna turn around." Can you respect people who don't always like the music you've been a part of, but have respect for your having achieved some success? "Yeah...I can live with that. Look, I haven't got anything against people who have slagged me off, because I've done shit that deserved to be slagged off, and I'll be the first to be slagged off. But there are some things that have been directed towards me that have been so vitriolic and so personal...."

Is there a feeling of vindication in knowing you got somewhere? Lewis allows a rare grin to sprint across his face. "It's the best feeling in the world, man, when I look at my gold albums as I come downstairs in the mornings. And I've kept everything that was said about me, all the shit in the *News of the World*, my first slaggings in *Sounds* and *Record Mirror*. I mean, I was always excited to see my name in print. The trouble with it was that it probably wouldn't have bothered me, the slaggings that I got, but I was with a record company that was so nervous and iffy, Jet Records. They were very dodgy people, and they saw a couple of bad reviews and dropped us. It was probably the best thing they ever did, because they were horrible people anyway, but all of a sudden, after three years of being in a band, I was stranded. So do I feel good about it? Yes, you f?!king bet I do!"

In a perverse sort of way, you have to find admiration for Lewis. Many musicians feign politeness and political manners, yet here's this bitter man with bitter memories who doesn't give a monkey's chuff and calls it as he really, truly sees it.

I ask him about maybe losing his edge now that things are a little more comfortable for L.A. Guns. "I sometimes worry about losing my edge every now and then, but then I listen to 'Over the Edge,' and no one can f?!king touch me. When it comes to edge and blood, I've just got it, man. I've always had it; it's nothing new. I'm not being egotistical about it; I cherish what I have. I was an orphan when I was six, and I've been through some weird shit—which I wouldn't change incidentally—so I don't have to worry about edge. I can do a Frank Sinatra song, and it would have edge, because that's what I do. It's a gift, and I was meant to sing with a rock 'n' roll band."

I am well and truly floored. Phil Lewis, a psychiatrist's dream of passion, honesty and anger.•

ROCK VAULT ANSWERS

1. The J. Geils Band. BONUS: David Lynch.

2. They've all had songs covered by Anthrax.

3. Bill Wyman.

4. Armored Saint, Jeff Duncan.

5. Tad, "Jack Pepsi."

6. Carcass.

7. The group Abba.

8. "No Synthesizers."

9. Neil Diamond.

10. Faith No More.

11. A-7; B-4; C-8; D-10; E-11; F-6; G-14; H-2; I-5; J-1; K-13; L-9; M-3; N-12.

BATON ROUGE

(continued from page 38)

LANCE: I want to go para-sailing, but there's never enough time. There's always radio station interviews or in-store appearances or regular interviews to do. And then there's soundcheck.

RIP: I would think you'd do a lot of songwriting on your days off, since you're both such proficient songwriters.

KELLY: Well, we worked with Alice Cooper. Me and Lance wrote a song called "Snakebite" for his new record, and we did all the background vocals for every song.

RIP: What was it like working with Alice?

KELLY: We actually worked with Jack Ponti, who was working with Alice. We never really worked with him. He sent the tapes to us, and we had some songs that we weren't using. We sent them to Alice, and he liked "Snakebite." I really couldn't sing it right, because I was just thinking of Alice the whole time. It was really for him, so he did it. We tried to do old Alice. We tried to bring Alice back. [Joking] He's such a cute old thing! But we never even met him.

RIP: How could you record with someone and never meet them?

LANCE: It was all done long distance. Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder did the same thing on "Ebony and Ivory." They did it from different countries. Some people do albums by sending each other tapes all the time.

KELLY: We sang backup on every song on the album, and they don't talk about it. Slash played on it, Ozzy sang background on a piece, but what about Baton Rouge, guys? It'll get out if you print it in RIP!

RIP: Jack Ponti was obviously very helpful to you, since he not only worked on *your* record, but also put you in touch with Alice.

LANCE: He did even more than that. He really brought us together as a band. As a "sound." He helped us out a lot. He said, "You've gotta focus more on what you should be." We're still learning what we are. Even though Kelly and I have been together for five years, we're still growing as a band, and we're still maturing musically. We're not at our full potential yet.

RIP: There's not many bands out there that can recognize that there's room for improvement and expansion of style and expertise.

LANCE: We've always had that focus, and we've always gone step by step. When we reached one step, we went to the next. Now we're at one of our plateaus. We still have to reach the next one. We want to be a platinum band. We want to be a bigger band. We want to continue recording records. Hopefully this record will do well, and we'll do another record and stay together for at least five or ten more records, like Led Zeppelin. We don't have to be *that* big, but hopefully...as long as we can keep recording and not have to work at McDonald's. •

PRIMUS

(continued from page 22)

legendary sandblasted tonsils of Tom Waits in the title role.

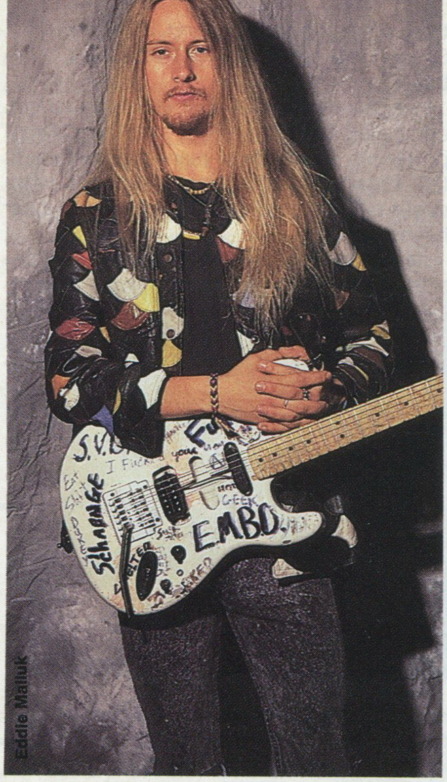
"I like Bukowski a lot, Hunter S. Thompson," says Les. "Seems to me they write like they speak, very off the cuff. That's my interpretation. Very street. Very from the gut. I tend to write in that vein—not comparing myself to those guys by any means, but I tend to just write what comes to mind. Even the serious stuff that I come up with is pretty tongue-in-cheek. It's never entirely filled with facts. If it takes too much thought, I stop. Then I go out and do something else, go on a fishing trip. Or jack off. I actually jack off a lot more than I fish."

Talk of jacking off provides as good a segue as any into a discussion of the bugbear terms "thrash-funk" and "funk-metal" that currently dog Primus's footsteps. "There's millions of bands popping up all of a sudden that are doing this crossover from metal to funk, funk to rock, or whatever," Les agrees. "Basically, a lot of guys are starting to play slap bass now. People see that, and they go, 'Oh, it must be funk!' It's not. It's a technique. Funk is a feeling. So I play like that. I have a pretty strong funk background, but there's a lot of different stuff in my record collection. It's pretty diversified. And Ler and Herb both have very colorful backgrounds. So it's hard to say what we are, because we're just a reflection of...."

"Certainly, we think of crystals and unicorns and rainbows, and the music just flows," Ler interjects.

"I think our major influence is Elvis," Les replies. "We're really an Elvis impersonation band. We're just very bad at it.... Seriously, it's human nature to lump everything into a category. Perhaps that's the category that we fit into most easily, the funk stuff."

"If you would've told me three years ago," says Ler, "that people would put us in a category, I would've told you, 'No, what we're doing is too weird.' When I first joined the band, I never really thought that too many people would like it. I was just doing it because I liked it. So whaddaya know!"



Eddie Malluk

There you have it. So now when you see Primus on tour supporting *Sailing the Seas of Cheese*, or gracing the silver screen (along with Faith No More guitarist Jim Martin) in this summer's *Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey*, you'll know just exactly what it is that makes Primus suck: Elvis, life in the narrative, masturbation, fishing and...cheese?

"We've entered the realm of major labelness. Here we are in the big leagues now, so to speak, or trying to be in the big leagues, so we're amongst all the cheese."

"Definitely a cheesy business," adds Ler.

"A lot of cheesy people," Herb concurs.

"I guess we're cheesers," comes Les with the last word. •

ALICE IN CHAINS

(continued from page 34)

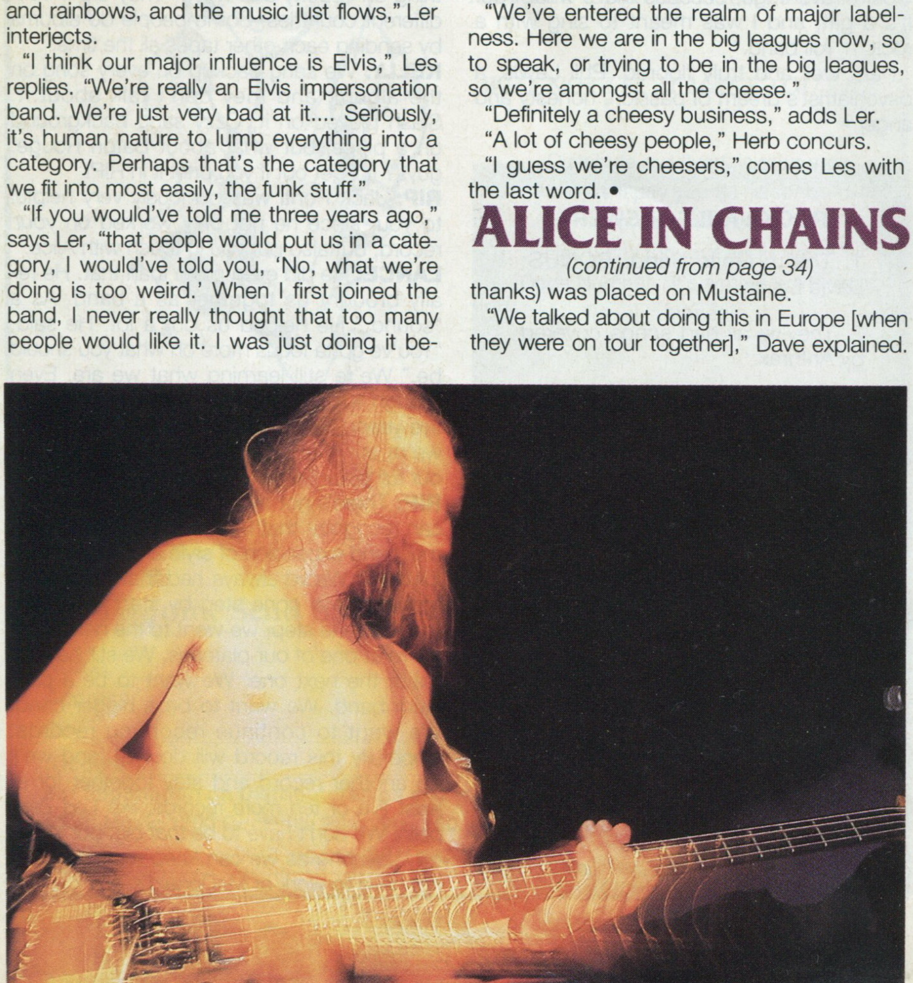
thanks) was placed on Mustaine.

"We talked about doing this in Europe [when they were on tour together]," Dave explained. "I had a fawning, a shining, to these guys. I just talked to one of them and said, 'Hey, you want to jump with me?' And he said, 'Yeah.' And then it became two of them, Jerry and Mike. They were the ones who were going to first do it. I went and checked out the facility in England. They were going to go, but their tour manager didn't do the footwork to get them there. I felt really bad about it, so I said, 'I'll make it up to you where I jump, where I was trained, where I know it's the safest, best jump site in the world.' And here we are. It costs a lot of money. But for me, the support of Alice In Chains on our European leg and having them on this tour...it was worth it. The amount of money that it costs for the jump, I would say that is a fair exchange for their support. It's like a friendly thing. Now we have something in common outside of the music business. It's really good to be able to do something removed from all outside bullshit. I mean, we didn't think about who was going on first or who was going on second today when we were ready to jump. Everything else doesn't matter."

And that night, when Alice In Chains took the stage at the San Diego Sports Arena, they blew away all their previous performances. The excitement and pleasure of the jump transferred into high energy onstage. It was as if Jerry, Mike and Layne had been rejuvenated. (Maybe an occasional skydive should be written into their contract!)

Lewis Carroll may not have had skydiving, touring and rock 'n' roll in mind when he wrote *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, but Alice In Chains' updated version is just as trippy, equally as freaky and filled with adventures. This is their dream, and they're not going back. •

Kristin Callahan



GIG OF THE MONTH

(continued from page 81)

Got the Jack," and the gritty "Jailbreak" (during which Angus strips down to a pair of American flag boxers!), to their newer anthems "Heatseeker," "Who Made Who," "Razor's Edge" and "Money Talks."

AC/DC is one of the few bands that has been able to develop a signature style and sound that works time after time after time (somewhere near two decades now) with just a slight tweaking of the formula now and then. You never realize till you see them just how many songs they've recorded that have become part of rock history, let alone how many you actually know by heart!

During the last song in the set, "Let There Be Rock," Angus somehow escaped the stage and raced through the crowd to a platform in the middle of the arena, where he was lifted some 50 feet to play a hellish 20-minute solo before returning to complete the song onstage. You've gotta wonder how this amazing Aussie keeps his energy up night after night. Their encore showcased three signature AC/DC tunes, "Highway to Hell," "TNT" and "For Those About to Rock," complete with deafening cannon fire. Don't be worried by the ringing in your ears at the end of the night; it's just a little souvenir of the helluva good time you had with the legends of metal, AC/DC. •

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THURSDAY NIGHT CONCERTS

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